

MARVEL

COMICS

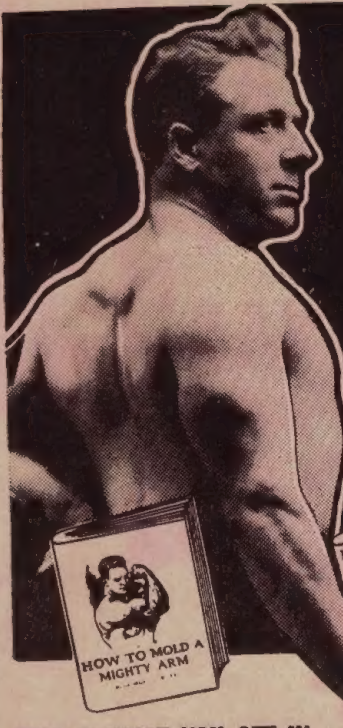
MYSTERY

JUNE

NO.
56

10¢





"I Will Show YOU . . . HOW TO BUILD A **MIGHTY** BODY using my quick, easy methods," says *George F. Jowett*

I want to help you to develop mighty muscles — arms with the power to obey your will — a big, strong, muscular back that packs a punch — a deep "barrel" chest arched with power — a powerful grip that crushes — and legs that are real props of tireless leaping power! A real he-man's body that men will respect and women will admire!

George F. Jowett, winner of many world contests for strength and physical perfection! He actually holds more strength records than any living athlete or Teacher!

THIS IS WHAT YOU GET IN EACH OF THE FIVE JOWETT BOOKS!

- 1 HOW TO MOLD A MIGHTY ARM.** This book shows you how to develop a pair of chain-breaking biceps. Why not get an arm of might with the power and grip to obey your physical desires? George F. Jowett gives you his secret methods of strength development illustrated and explained as you like them.
- 2 HOW TO MOLD A MIGHTY BACK.** Look at George F. Jowett pictured above. Note the big spread and tapering waist. Let him help you build a back of power, square trim shoulders with the enviable military spread.
- 3 HOW TO MOLD A MIGHTY CHEST.** Tells you how to make your chest a real power house of vital energy—with straps of muscles to protect your heart and lungs. If you have a narrow, sunken chest, bare ribs, sparrow or chicken chest, he will show you how to improve it so that you will be proud to show it off!
- 4 HOW TO MOLD A MIGHTY GRIP.** A complete course that will show how you can get a grip of steel! What would you give for a forearm with a bone crushing grip? Wrists thickened with live sinewy cables! Fingers strong as steel pincers. A hand like an iron vise—yet sensitive!
- 5 HOW TO MOLD MIGHTY LEGS.** Now you can have the all around he-man strength and good looks of the pupils shown on this page. What Jowett has done for them and thousands of others, he can do for you. He increased his thighs by 8 inches, his calves by 5 inches by this simple, unbreakable method. He will help you build legs with tireless power!

READ WHAT THESE FAMOUS PUPILS SAY ABOUT JOWETT



A. PASSAMONT
Jowett-trained athlete who was named America's first prize-winner for Physical Perfection.

HEX FERRIS
Champion Strength Athlete of South Africa. Says he, "I owe everything to Jowett's methods! Look at this chest—then consider the value of the Jowett Courses!"



FREE!



JOWETT'S PHOTO BOOK OF FAMOUS STRONG MEN!

With your order for Jowett's famous Courses in book form, you will receive this valuable book FREE, at no extra charge, if you send the Coupon today! It tells the enthralling life story of George Jowett—sets forth the Rules of constructive living which have made Jowett the "Champion of Champions."

Contains many fascinating photos of strong men whom George Jowett helped to develop from puny weaklings into superb outstanding athletes and champs!



**Send for These
FIVE FAMOUS COURSES** Formerly \$5 each
NOW in Book Form ONLY 25c EACH
ALL 5 for \$1

At last, Jowett's world-famous muscle-building courses, formerly sold for \$5.00, are available in book form to all readers of this publication at an extremely low price of 25 cents each! All 5 for only \$1.00. You owe it to yourself, to your family, and to your COUNTRY, to make yourself physically fit, now! Start at once to improve your physique by following Jowett's simple, easy method of muscle-building!

10-DAY TRIAL OFFER!

Think of it—all five of these famous course-books for only ONE DOLLAR—or any one of them for 25c—and not only that but if you're not delighted with these famous muscle-building courses—if you don't actually FEEL results within ONE WEEK, send them back and your money will be promptly refunded! Don't let this opportunity get away from you—send the FREE GIFT COUPON at once, and receive your FREE copy of the Jowett book, "Nerves of Steel, Muscles of Iron."



FREE GIFT COUPON!

Jowett Institute of Physical Culture
230 Fifth Avenue, Dept. 56 (New York City)

- Send me the JOWETT Course-Book. If not delighted, I may return books for books in 10 days and my "Champion" money will be refunded.
- ☐ I enclose postage prepaid. ☐ Send books checked, C.O.D.
- ☐ Ship C.O.D. I will pay postman \$ plus a few cents postage (No order less than \$1 shipped C.O.D.)
- ☐ ALL FIVE BOOKS FOR \$1
- ☐ How to Mold a Mighty Arm (25c)
- ☐ How to Mold a Mighty Back (25c)
- ☐ How to Mold a Mighty Chest (25c)
- ☐ How to Mold a Mighty Grip (25c)
- ☐ How to Mold Mighty Legs (25c)
- ☐ Send me the FREE book by Jowett, "Nerves of Steel, Muscles of Iron," at no extra cost.

NAME..... AGE.....
ADDRESS.....
CITY..... STATE.....

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HUMAN TORCH

TORCH AND TORO AND
AN F.B.I. UNDERCOVER
GIRL PLAY TAG WITH
DEATH IN...

*"Berlin's
Master
Spy!"*

I'LL
HAVE YOU
FREE IN A
MOMENT!



A CAR
CRUISES
ALONG AN
ILL-LIT
AND
DESERTED
STREET

IN

THE
SLUM
DISTRICT
OF A
LARGE
CITY...

THERE ISS
NO ONE! NOW,
HEINDRICH! DROP
IT HERE!



A BUNDLE FALLS FROM
THE REAR
DOOR OF THE CAR AS IT
TURNS THE CORNER AND,
ROLLS INTO A CIRCLE OF
FAINT LIGHT FROM A
STREET LAMP REVEALING.



THE
NEWSPAPERS
NEXT
DAY...

THE NEW YORK CH
THIRD DANCE-HALL
GIRL SLAIN WITH-
IN THE MONTH
Early this morning
of a woman was found
police officer...

TORCH AND TORO
IN THEIR NEW YORK
APARTMENT ALSO
READ...

TANGOLAND!
HMM! THAT'S
NEAR THE DOCKS
AND PLENTY OF
SAILORS GO THERE
RIGHT FROM THEIR
SHIPS! THERE'S
SOMETHING
FUNNY HERE,
TORCH!

YES! IT
HAS A
STRONG
NAZI
ODOR TO
IT! HOW
ARE YOU
IN THINGS
NAUTICAL?



YOU
MEAN..?

YES! A COUPLE
OF U.S. SAILORS
ARE GOING TO TAKE
A WHIRL IN TANGOLAND
TONIGHT! AND THEIR
NAMES ARE TORCH
AND TORO!

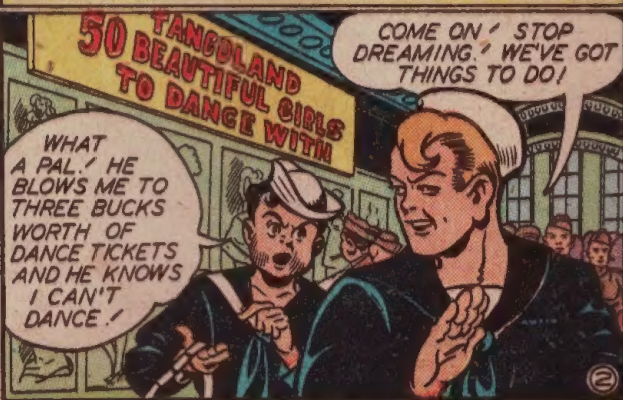


TANGOLAND... LATER THAT SAME
EVENING...

50 TANGOLAND
BEAUTIFUL GIRLS
TO DANCE WITH

WHAT
A PAL! HE
BLOWS ME TO
THREE BUCKS
WORTH OF
DANCE TICKETS
AND HE KNOWS
I CAN'T
DANCE!

COME ON! STOP
DREAMING! WE'VE GOT
THINGS TO DO!





WOO! WOO!
AH, FOR THE LIFE
OF A SAILOR!

G'MON,
SAILOR! LET'S
DANCE!

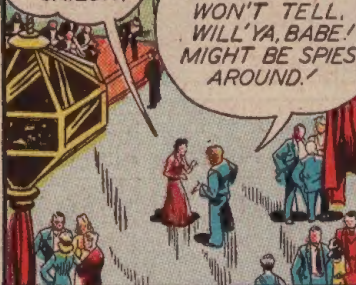
OKAY,
CHICK!
LET'S
CLICK!

DANCING OFF, THE GIRL
CLUMPSILY
PROBES FOR INFORM-
ATION! AND TORCH...

THE TAUNTON?
THAT'S A NICE
NAME FOR A
SHIP! WHERE
AND WHEN DOES
SHE SAIL,
SAILOR?

I'M ON TO
SOMETHING!

TOMORROW
NIGHT, FOR
ITALY! YOU
WON'T TELL,
WILL'YA, BABE!
MIGHT BE SPIES
AROUND!



HA! HA!
DON'T BE
SILLY! YOU
KNOW YOU
CAN TRUST
ME-E-E...!

OH
SURE!



AS FAR AS I CAN
THROW THIS DANCEHALL.
M-M-M-M--! SHE'S
GIVING THAT FAT SLOB
A SIGNAL!

LATER..

YOU THINK THE
GIRL'S A MEMBER OF
A NAZI SPY-RING
OPERATING IN THE
DANCEHALL, TORCH?
BUT WHY THE
MURDERS?

I'M SURE SHE'S A
PLANT, KID! SHE GAVE
THE EYE TO A COUPLE
OF TOUGHIES! THEY
LEFT AND I'M BET-
TING SHE'LL FOLLOW
THERE SHE IS!
C'MON!



FLAMING HIGH ABOVE
THE GIRL, AS A
PRECAUTION FROM SPY-
ING EYES, TORCH AND
TORO FOLLOW HER TO A
BASEMENT HIDE-OUT!



PROBABLY
A FRONT FOR
THE GANG!
LET'S GO,
KID!

**FLAMING
OFF**
THE PAIR
SPY
THROUGH
A
WINDOW
INTO
THE
HIDEOUT.

NO!
THE MONEY
FIRST!
THEN THE
INFORMATION!

YOU DO NOT TRUST
ME, EH? HERE ISS THE
MONEY! NOW GIFF ME
THE INFORMATION!

THE
BASEMENT
STAIRS, KID! I
WANT TO GET
A LITTLE
CLOSER!

SPYBOSS

HA GOOT! VE VILL PASS
THESE ON TO OUR SUBMARINES!
AND NOW THAT WE HAVE NO
FURTHER USE FOR YOU, VE
SHALL GIVE YOU ANOTHER
KIND OF PAYMENT!
GRAB HER, EMIL!

GOT HER,
CHIEF!

**BANG
BANG**

NO! NO!
NOT THAT!
NO---
AAAAA...

FLAME ON,
TORO!
HURRY!

BLAZING THRU, TORCH AND TORO FIND
THE BASEMENT DESERTED
EXCEPT FOR...

THE GIRL, TORCH!
SHE'S DEAD!

AFTER
THE NAZIS!
QUICK! THEY
JUST WENT THRU
THE DOOR!

SLAM

BUT UNDER COVER OF
DARKNESS THE
NAZIS HAVE VANISHED!

THEY'RE
GONE, TORCH!
AND SO'S THE
BIG BLACK
CAR THAT WAS
HERE! LET'S
GO GET 'EM!

NO TORO!
THEY'RE ONLY
SMALL FRY!
WE WANT
THE MASTER
AND THINK I
KNOW HOW TO
GET HIM!

**LATER
AT
F.B.I.**
HEADQUARTERS
IN
WASHINGTON,
D.C.,
TORCH
EXPLAINS
HIS PLAN TO
EDGAR
HOOVER

THE TAUNTON, IS IT? YOU WANT
HER TO SAIL AS A DECOY FOR
THE SUBS AND AT THE SAME
TIME TO KEEP SUSPICION OFF
YOU UNTIL YOU ROOT OUT THE
LEADERS OF THE
RING!

IF IT'S
POSSIBLE,
SIR!

IT IS! NOW YOU
WANT A GIRL TO DO
UNDERCOVER WORK
AT THE DANCE-HALL?
I'VE GOT JUST THE
ONE! HELLO, VERA?
COME IN, PLEASE!

SHE
MUST
BE
VERY
PRETTY.



WELL! IS SHE PRETTY ENOUGH FOR YOU, TORCH?

I DIDN'T MEAN... THAT IS.. OF COURSE...

MAX

INTRODUCTIONS OVER, TORCH EXPLAINS THE PART HE WANTS VERA TO PLAY...

YOUR JOB IS TO FORCE THIS CONTACT MAN TO TAKE YOU TO THE BIG BOSS. HOW YOU'LL DO IT IS UP TO YOU. IT'S RISKY WORK!

THANKS. I CAN TAKE CARE OF MYSELF!

TANGOLAND THE FOLLOWING EVENING

GOSH! I WONDER HOW VERA IS MAKING OUT? SHE'S-- --SHE'S PRETTY!

SHE'S A SWELL GIRL! BUT ENOUGH OF THIS! WE'VE A JOB TO DO!

DANCING

MEANWHILE INSIDE-

MONEY? NOW YOU'RE TALKING MY LANGUAGE, CHUM! WHAT'S THE RACKET

COME! WE VILL DISCUSS THIS WHERE WE VILL NOT BE OVERHEARD! YOU WERE DANCING WITH THAT SAILOR! HE TALKED MUCH! NO?

PLENTY! OH, OH! I GET IT! YOU WANT ME TO SPILL IT TO YOU! OKAY! CHUM! BUT IT'S GONNA COST YOU PLENTY!

SSSSHH! YOU LITTLE FOOL! DO YOU WANT THE WHOLE WORLD TO KNOW? YES! I'M READY TO PAY YOU ONE THOUSAND BUCKS FOR ANY WORTH-WHILE INFORMATION!

WHAT? I WANT TEN GRAND!! CASH! AND YOU WILL PAY OR ELSE...

YES! YES! SURE ANYTHING TO CLOSE YOUR BIG MOUTH! BUT I DON'T CARRY SUCH AMOUNTS! I VILL HAVE TO TAKE YOU TO THE BOSS!

OUTSIDE THE DANCE-HALL A FEW MOMENTS LATER...



COME ON BABE! WE'VE GOT A CAR!

WE SHOULD BLITZ THE RATS RIGHT NOW TORCH!



NO, WAIT! GOOD GIRL! SHE DROPPED A NOTE!

PICKING UP THE NOTE, TORO READS IT!



WELL, LIGHT MY FIRE! IT SAYS: DO NOT FOLLOW CLOSELY! 2020 RIVER STREET! WHY, THAT'S NEAR THE BAY!

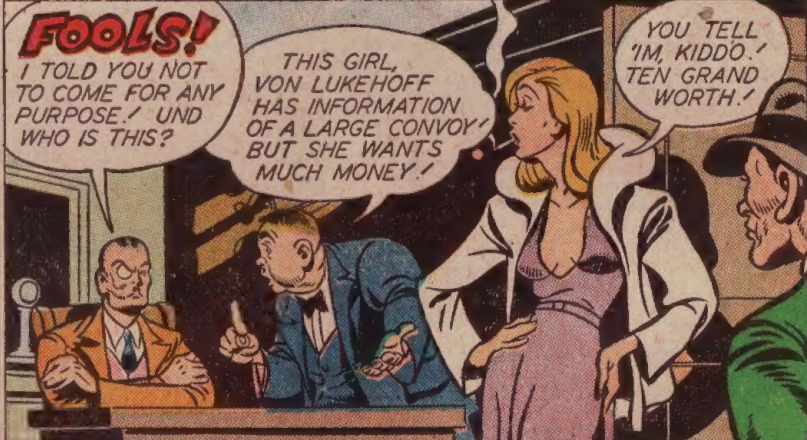
YES! THIS GIRL SEEMS VERY SURE OF HERSELF! I DON'T LIKE IT! BUT THEN SHE'LL BE SAFE UNTIL SHE REACHES THE HOUSE!

ARRIVING AT THE NAZI HIDEOUT, VERA IS TAKEN BEFORE THE MASTER-SPY OF THE SABOTEURS

VON LUKEHOFF

FOOLS!

I TOLD YOU NOT TO COME FOR ANY PURPOSE! UND WHO IS THIS?



THIS GIRL, VON LUKEHOFF HAS INFORMATION OF A LARGE CONVOY! BUT SHE WANTS MUCH MONEY!

YOU TELL 'IM, KIDDO! TEN GRAND WORTH!

UNABLE TO STAND THE STRAIN OF QUESTIONING, VERA CRACKS UP!

IT IS A LARGE CONVOY BOUND FOR AFRICA! IT SAILS... WHAT... OH...

WHAT... VON LUKEHOFF! DO YOU THINK SHE'S A...

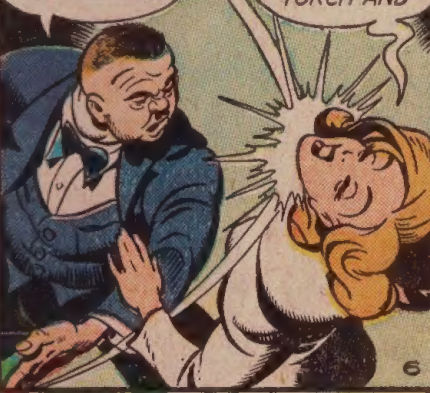
OF COURSE, YOU FOOL! CAN YOU NOT SEE HER GAME? SEIZE HER! SHE ISS A SPY!



WE WILL SEE HOW YOU CAN SPY ON THE FISH AT THE BOTTOM OF THE BAY!

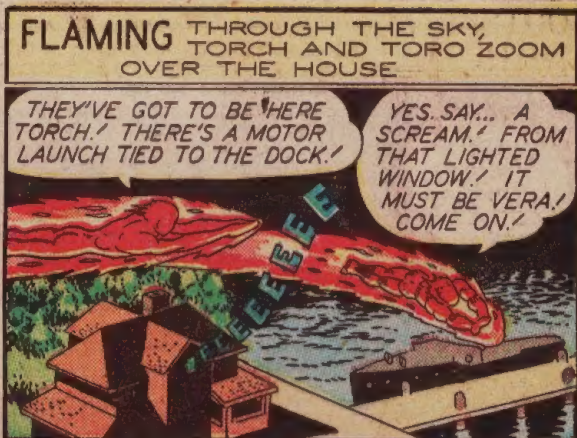
UGH!

YOU'LL PAY FOR THIS! TORCH AND--





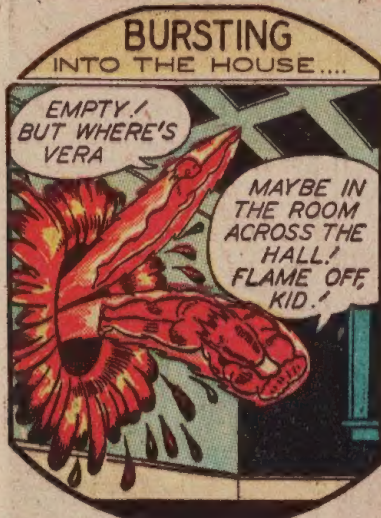
HUMAN TORCH?
ZZZOOOOO !!
WE HAFF ARRANGED
FOR HIM ALSO.
TAKE HER TO THE
VACUUM VAT.



FLAMING THROUGH THE SKY,
TORCH AND TORO ZOOM
OVER THE HOUSE

THEY'VE GOT TO BE HERE
TORCH. THERE'S A MOTOR
LAUNCH TIED TO THE DOCK!

YES. SAY... A
SCREAM. FROM
THAT LIGHTED
WINDOW. IT
MUST BE VERA!
COME ON!



EMPTY!
BUT WHERE'S
VERA

MAYBE IN
THE ROOM
ACROSS THE
HALL!
FLAME OFF,
KID!



SUDDENLY-

THE DOOR'S
STUCK, KID!
GIVE ME
A HAN-----!
WHA?

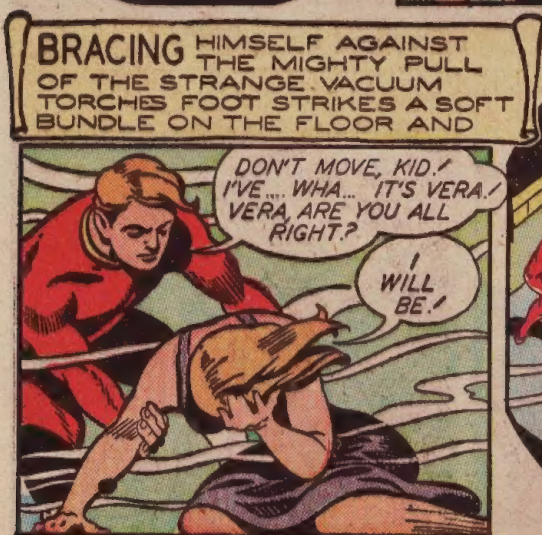
IT'S
COM---!
WHAT
GOES?



SUCKED INTO THE
ROOM BY A
WEIRD VACUUM, THEY'RE
TRAPPED

**A TRAP
KID!**
DON'T MOVE!

ARE YOU
KIDDIN'...
I'M SO
PLASTERED
AGAINST
THIS WALL I
CAN'T EVEN
BLINK MY
EYES!



BRACING HIMSELF AGAINST
THE MIGHTY PULL
OF THE STRANGE VACUUM
TORCHES FOOT STRIKES A SOFT
BUNDLE ON THE FLOOR AND

DON'T MOVE, KID!
I'VE... WHA... IT'S VERA!
VERA, ARE YOU ALL
RIGHT?

I
WILL
BE!



OH, TORCH!
I'M SO GLAD TO
SEE YOU. I'VE
BEEN SO
SCARED.

VERY TOUCH-
ING. IT IS TOO
BAD WE CANNOT
STAY. OUR WORK
IS FINISHED AND
I MUST GO.

WELL
DON'T LET
US
STOP YOU!

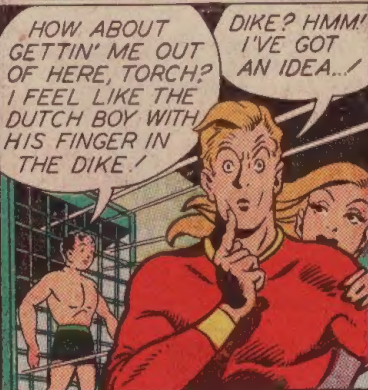
WITH THE RING LEADER WITHIN STRIKING DISTANCE TORCH TRIES TO FLAME ON BUT....



I'LL SINGE YOU TO A CRIS--/ WHY I CAN'T... CAN'T FLAME ON!

YOU FOOL! / THE VACUUM! / IT BLOWS YOUR FLAMES OUT LIKE A CANDLE! / NOW, GOOTBYE! / HO! HO!

SHUTTING THE HEAVY TRAP DOOR VON LUKEHOFF LEAVES THEM TO THEIR FATE!



HOW ABOUT GETTIN' ME OUT OF HERE, TORCH? I FEEL LIKE THE DUTCH BOY WITH HIS FINGER IN THE DIKE!

DIKE? HMM! I'VE GOT AN IDEA...

TORCH'S IDEA BLOSSOMS...



TAKE A LOOK AT THAT VACUUM DUCT, TORO! IS IT CONE SHAPED? LET ME HAVE YOUR COAT!

— AND —



YES! IT SEEMS TO HOOK ONTO A HOSE ABOUT LIKE THAT ON A VACUUM CLEANER! BUT I DON'T SEE...!

YOU WILL, TORO! IF IT WORKS!

BEARS FRUIT...!



IT WORKED TORCH! IT WORKED!! THE VACUUM HOSE IS JAMMED AND THE PULL IS GONE!



OH TORCH! YOU'RE WONDERFUL! I COULD KISS YOU!

TIME FOR THAT LATER! WE'VE GOT TO GET THOSE SPIES! FLAME ON, TORO!

HEY! WHAT AM I, AN ORPHAN?

FLAMING OUT OF THE TRAP!

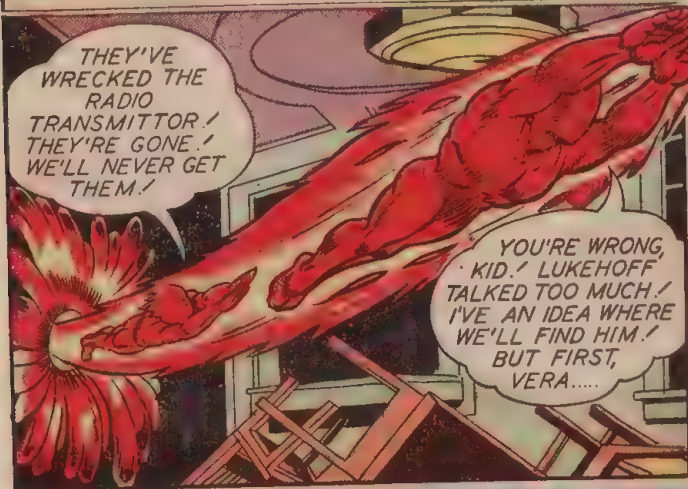


NOT A SOUL! NOT EVEN A MOUSE!

LET'S TRY THE ROOMS!

BURNING THEIR WAY THROUGH WALL
AFTER WALL, TORCH AND TORO
GO FROM ROOM TO ROOM BUT...

RELEASING VERA
AND
GIVING HER ORDERS
TO NOTIFY THE F.B.I.,
TORCH AND TORO.....



THEY'VE
WRECKED THE
RADIO
TRANSMITTER! /
THEY'RE GONE! /
WE'LL NEVER GET
THEM! /

YOU'RE WRONG,
KID! / LUKEHOFF
TALKED TOO MUCH! /
I'VE AN IDEA WHERE
WE'LL FIND HIM! /
BUT FIRST,
VERA.....

WHAT A
SWELL
GIRL! /
WELL,
WHAT NOW,
TORCH?

LUKEHOFF
LET SLIP HE
WAS
ESCAPING
BY SUB! / SUBS
WORK FROM A
MOTHER SHIP
IN PACKS OFF
THE COAST! /
GET IT?

SO LONG,
BOYS! /
BE CAREFUL! /



OH, OH! / I CATCH! / THE
TAUNTON! / SHE'S OUT AT
SEA NOW! /



RIGHT! /
I'M BETTING
THEY'LL TRY TO
SINK HER
BEFORE THEY QUIT
THE COAST! /

LATER

THE
TAUNTON, TORCH! /
BELOW US! /
BUT NO SIGN
OF THE SUBS! /



TOO
NEAR SHORE! /
WE'LL SCOUT
ON AHEAD! /

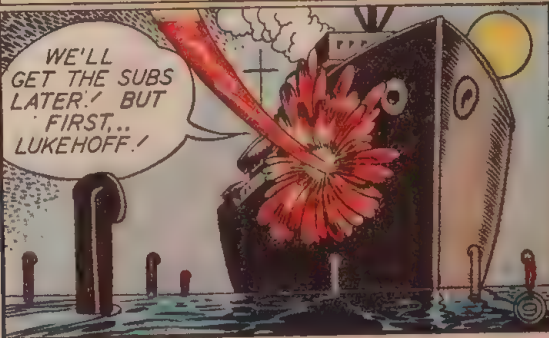
MILES AWAY, THE FLAMING
TWO-SOME SEE, FAR
BELOW

A SHIP WITH NO
LIGHTS TORCH! / AND
LOOK! / SUBS! / AS
THICK AS FLEAS! /

NAZI
FLEAS KID! /
COME ON! / THE
MOTHER-SHIP
FIRST! / LUKEHOFF
MUST BE ON
HER! /

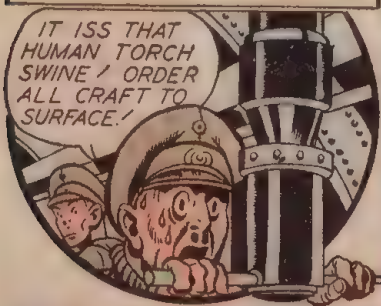


LIKE LIGHTED ARROWS, TORCH
AND TORO DIVE ONTO THE
NAZI SUB-PACK AND FLAME INTO
THE MOTHER-SHIP.....

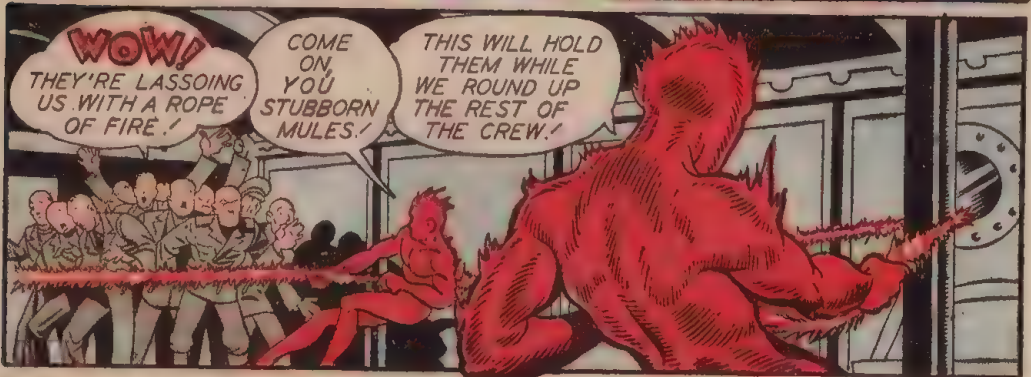
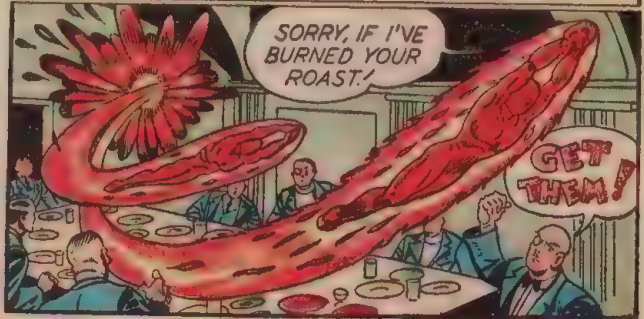


WE'LL
GET THE SUBS
LATER! / BUT
FIRST...
LUKEHOFF! /

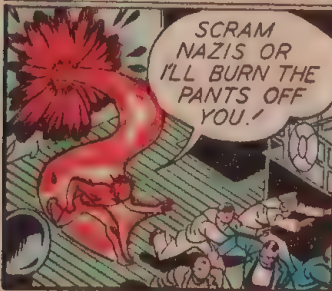
BELOW THE SURFACE
THE U-BOAT
PACK'S COMMANDER



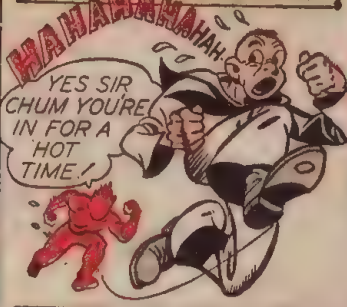
ABOVE ON BOARD THE MOTHER-SHIP
TORCH AND TORO



TORCH STARTS AT
ONE END OF
THE BOAT AND....



TORO AT THE OTHER...



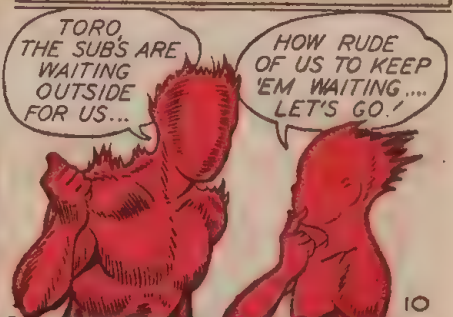
MEETING IN THE MIDDLE



COMING TO THE SURFACE THE
U-BOATS CLEAR THEIR
GUNS FOR ACTION



WHILE WITHIN THE
MOTHER-SHIP,



SHELLS FROM THE U-BOATS MELT HARMLESSLY AGAINST THE DUO'S FLAMING BODIES!

WHAT'S OUR NEXT MOVE, TORCH?

CRASH DIVE, KID! AND WE'LL LOSE THEM! YOU HAVE GOT TO SIGNAL THE DESTROYERS! I'LL KEEP THESE RATS BUSY 'TILL THEY GET HERE!

SHOOT DOWN THE YANKEE SWINE!

YOU'VE DONE THAT BEFORE! NOW! WE'LL DO IT! WHEW! CAN'T KEEP UP THIS UP! THE REST ARE BOUND TO DIVE!

HIGH
ABOVE IN THE SKY, TORO WRITES HIS FLAMING MESSAGE.

pack! pack! pack!
meridian!
70° 30' N
45° W
Hurry

WHILE NOT FAR AWAY ON THE BRIDGE OF AN AMERICAN DESTROYER

ENGINE-ROOM! FULL SPEED AHEAD! POUR IT TO HER, MAC!

SHIP TO PLANE! MESSAGE RECEIVED! ACTING AT ONCE!

AND IN A FLEET COMMANDER'S PLANE HIGH ABOVE...

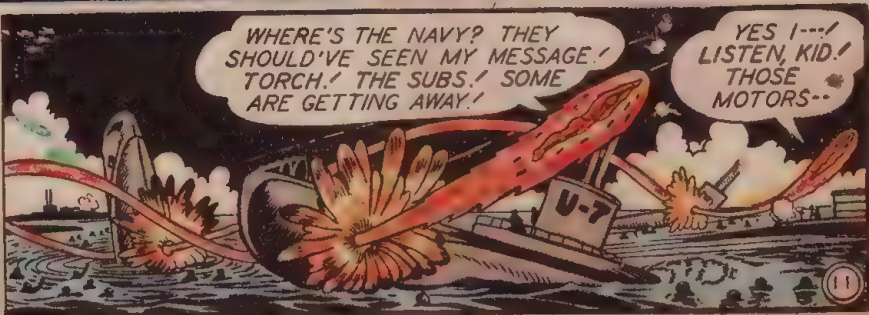
PLANE TO SHIP! WE'RE GOING AHEAD! YOU'LL HAVE TO PICK UP THE PIECES!

WHILE
A FEW DEGREES TO

THE WEST.

WHERE'S THE NAVY? THEY SHOULD'VE SEEN MY MESSAGE! TORCH! THE SUBS! SOME ARE GETTING AWAY!

YES I---! LISTEN, KID! THOSE MOTORS--



IN PERFECT CO-ORDINATION THE NAVY'S SEA AND AIR ARMS GO INTO ACTION... THE NEXT INSTANT...

LOOK AT 'EM TORCH! LOOK AT 'EM! WHO SAID THE GOOD OLD U.S.A. CAN'T FIGHT? WHO SAID IT?

IT'S MAGNIFICENT KID! PERFECT CO-ORDINATION BETWEEN AIR AND SEA FLEETS! THAT'S WHY THE U.S.A. WILL ALWAYS **BE ON TOP!**



LATER WHEN THE LAST OF THE NAZI TIN-SHARKS HAVE HIT THE BOTTOM, TORCH AND TORO ARE SUMMOND ABOARD A GIANT AMPHIBIAN PLANE THAT LANDS ON THE WATER NEARBY.....

HE SAYS COME ABOARD! THEY'VE GOT A SURPRISE FOR US!

THEY GOT YOUR SIGNAL CAPTAIN! HERE THEY COME!



FOR SHE'S A JOLLY GOOD FELLOW...

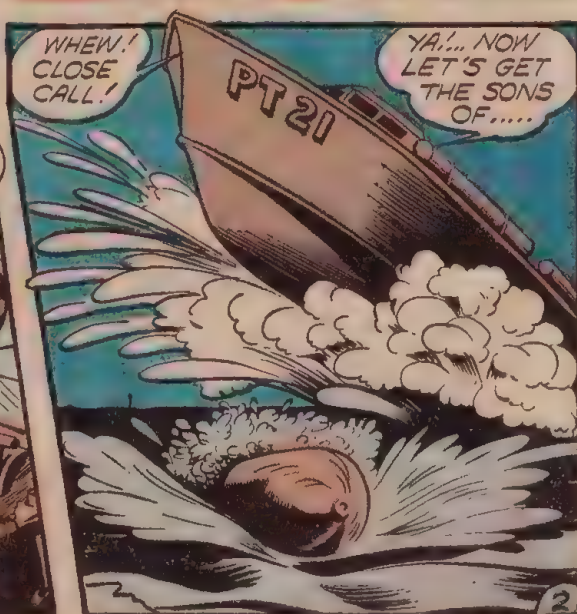
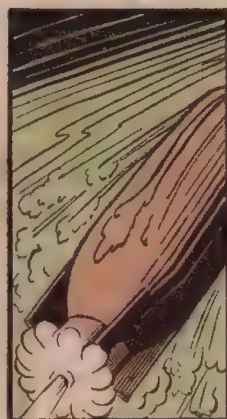
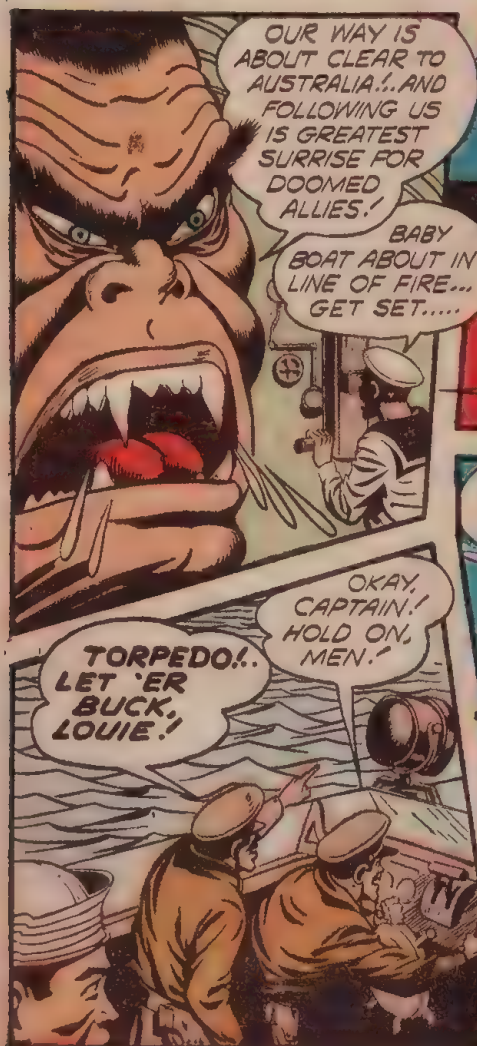
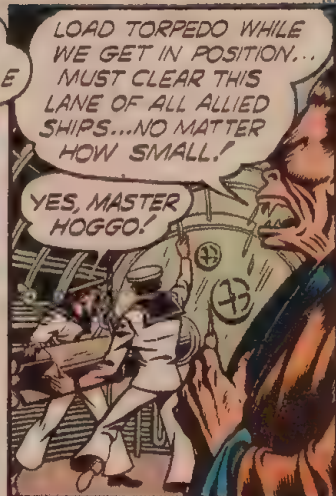
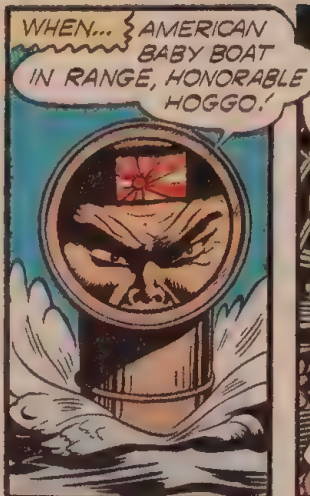
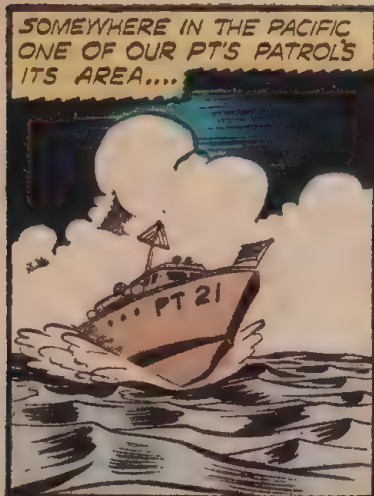


THE END

SUB-MARINER

"HOGGO'S
GREAT
SECRET"

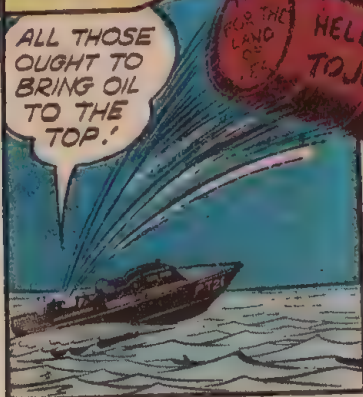




SWIFTLY ENCIRCLING THE AREA OF THE SUB, THE 'PT' DELIVERS ALL ITS ASH-CANS!

ALL THOSE OUGHT TO BRING OIL TO THE TOP!

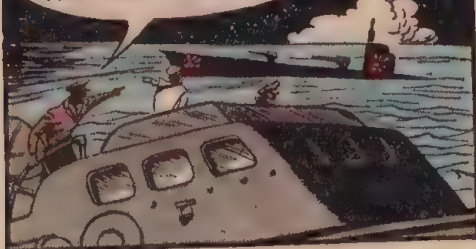
HELLO TO JO
FOR THE LAND OF THE RISING SUN



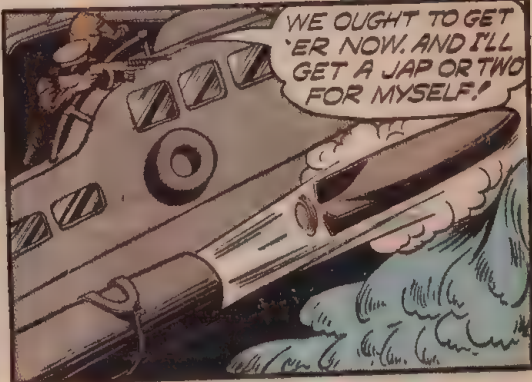
BUT HA, HA, HA!.. THEIR ASH CANS HARDLY VIBRATE OUR GIANT SUB..... IMBECILES! HOW COULD YOU MISS WITH THAT TORPEDO?... SURFACE THE SHIP AND BLAST THE LITTLE ONE OFF THE SEA!



WHAT TH... WE DIDN'T GET IT! THE FOOLS ARE SURFACING!... WHAT A GIANT!.. SWERVE AROUND AND LET'S TORPEDO H— OUT OF IT!

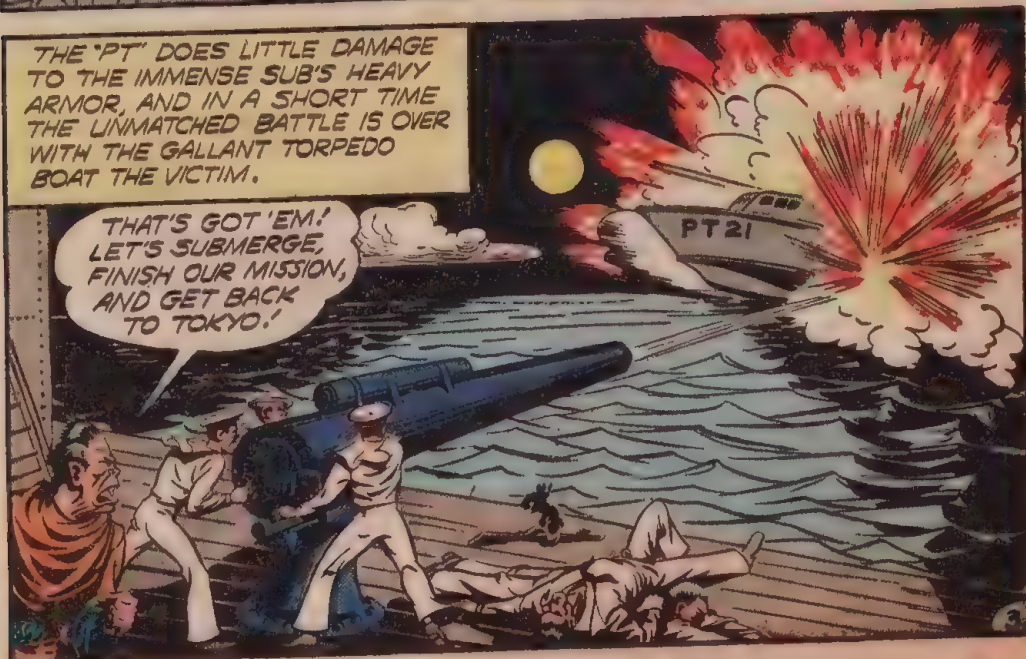


WE OUGHT TO GET 'ER NOW. AND I'LL GET A JAP OR TWO FOR MYSELF!



THE 'PT' DOES LITTLE DAMAGE TO THE IMMENSE SUB'S HEAVY ARMOR, AND IN A SHORT TIME THE UNMATCHED BATTLE IS OVER WITH THE GALLANT TORPEDO BOAT THE VICTIM.

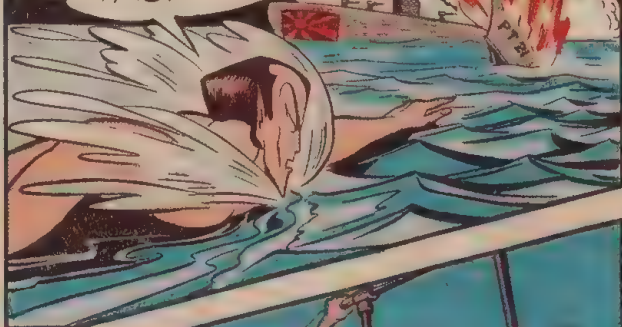
THAT'S GOT 'EM! LET'S SUBMERGE, FINISH OUR MISSION, AND GET BACK TO TOKYO!



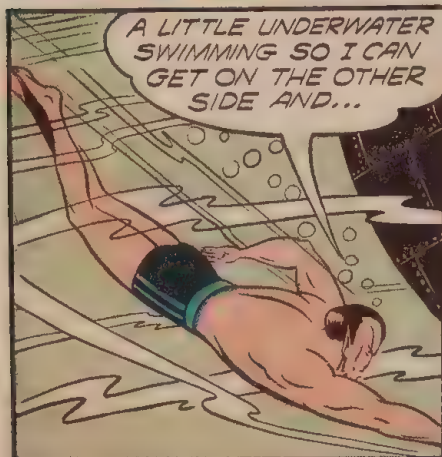
SUB-MARINER, SWIMMING IN THE WATER NEARBY, WITNESSES THE ACTION AND....



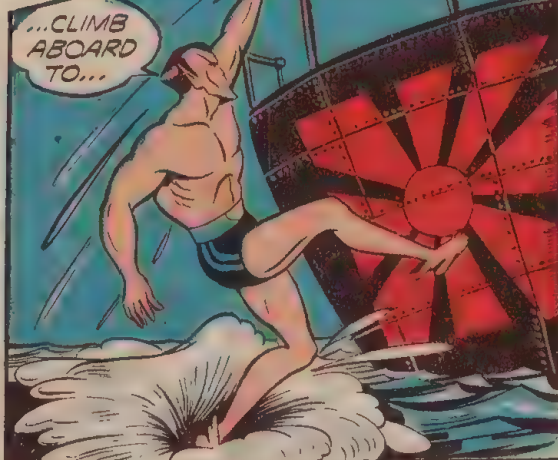
TOO LATE TO RESCUE THE "PT" BUT NOT TOO LATE FOR REVENGE ON THAT SUB... WOW! WHAT A WALLOPER IT IS!



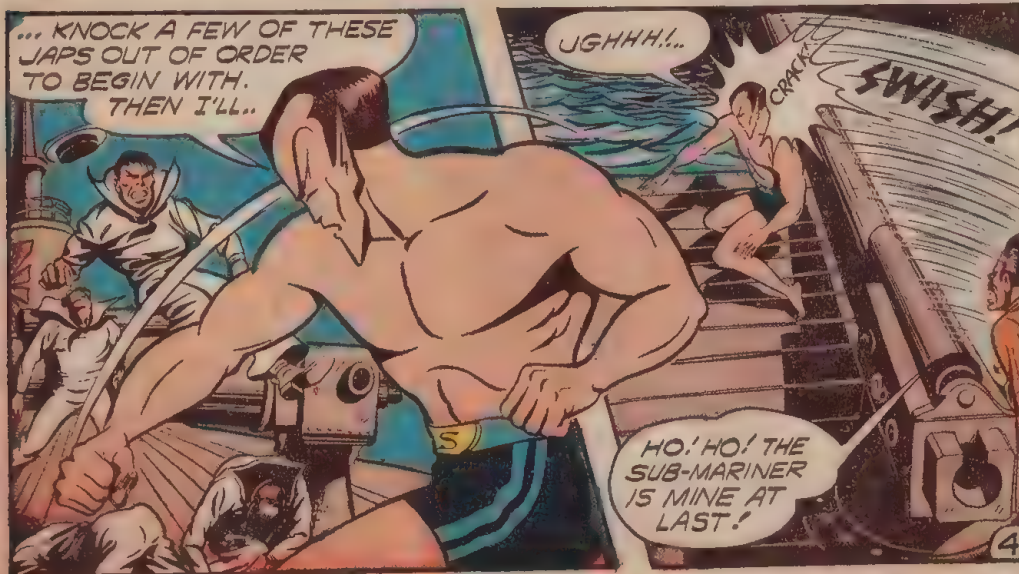
A LITTLE UNDERWATER SWIMMING SO I CAN GET ON THE OTHER SIDE AND...



...CLIMB ABOARD TO...



... KNOCK A FEW OF THESE JAPS OUT OF ORDER TO BEGIN WITH. THEN I'LL...

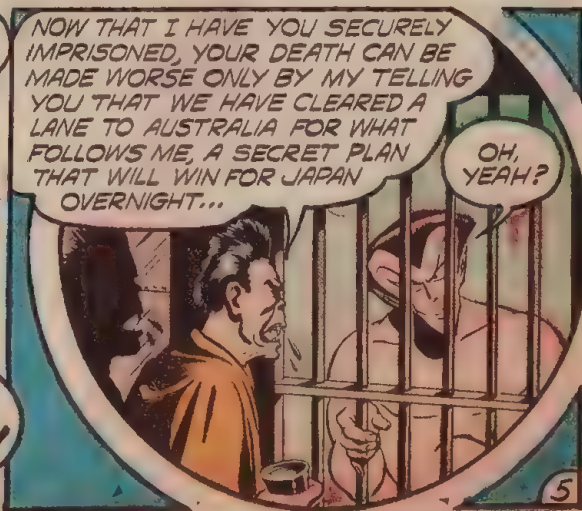
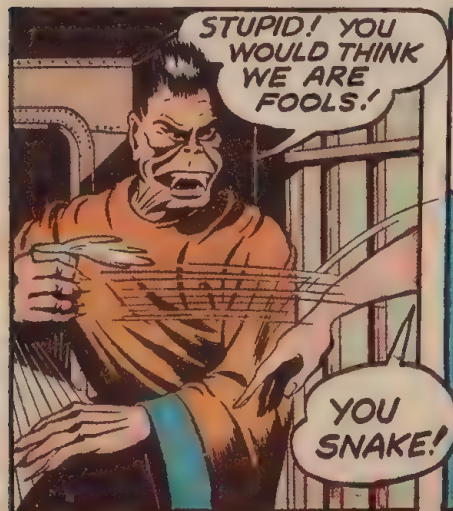
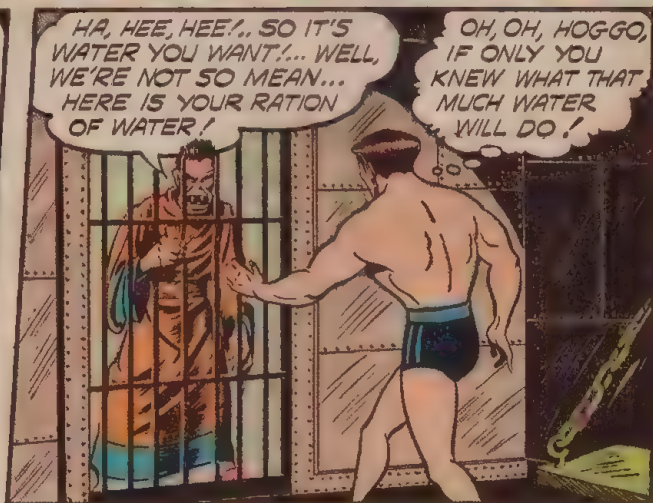
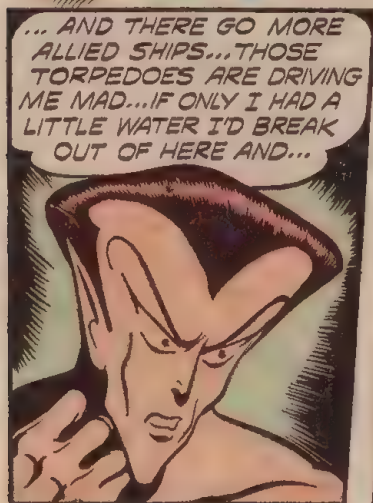


UGHHH!...

CRACK!

SWISH!

HO! HO! THE SUB-MARINER IS MINE AT LAST!



A SPLIT SECOND'S CARELESSNESS
ON HOGGO'S PART AND THE SUB-
MARINER HAS THE WATER...

HERE'S WHERE
YOUR PLAN
STARTS TO GO
TO PIECES!

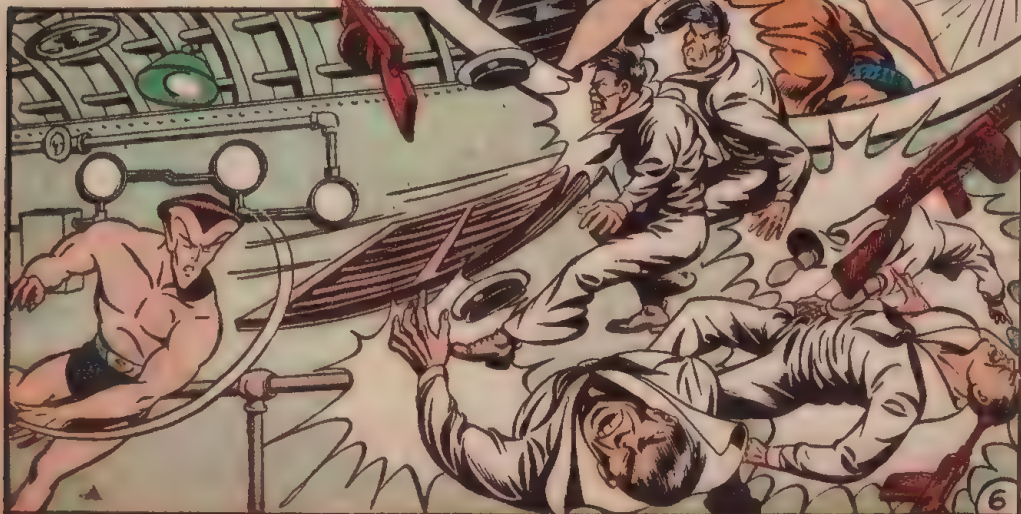
HELP! THE
SUB-MARINER
GOT WATER!?

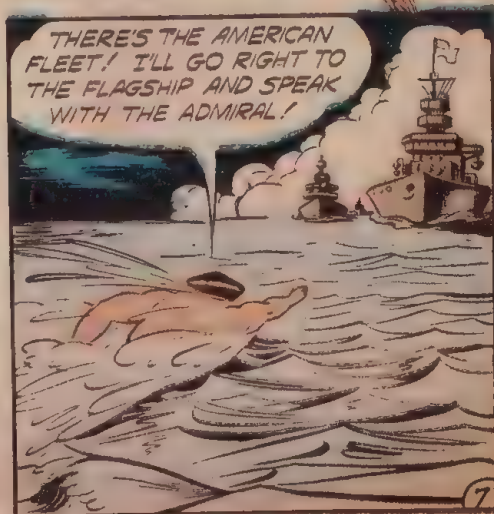
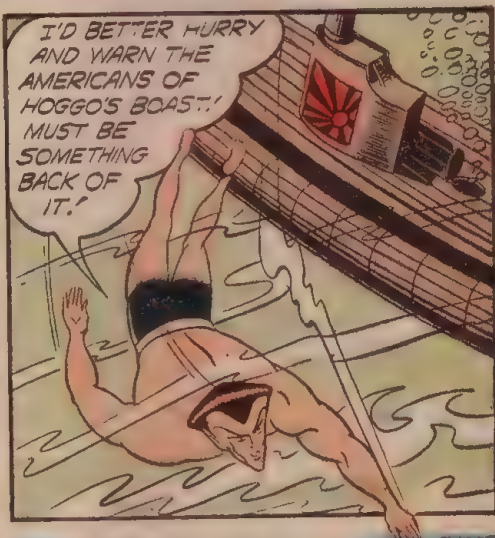
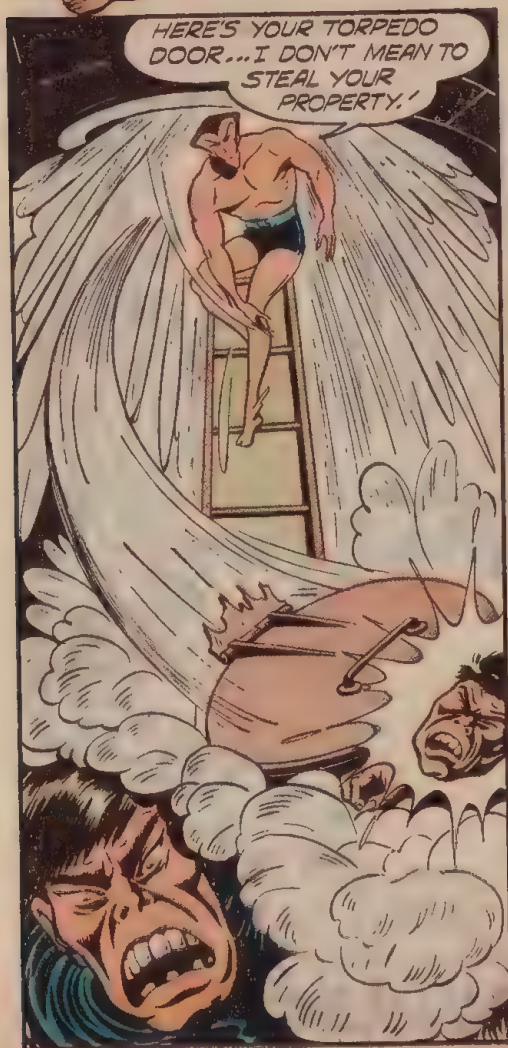
WON'T BE
LONG NOW,
RATS!

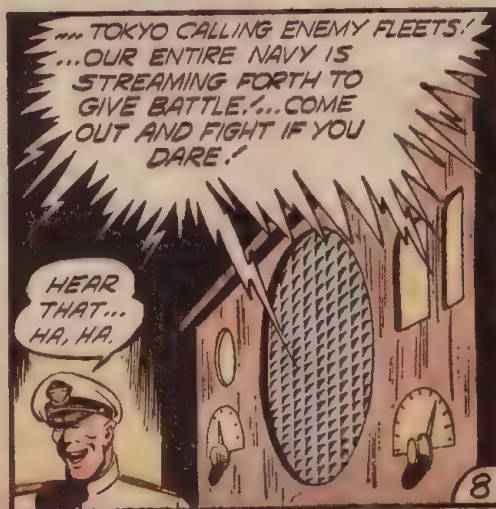
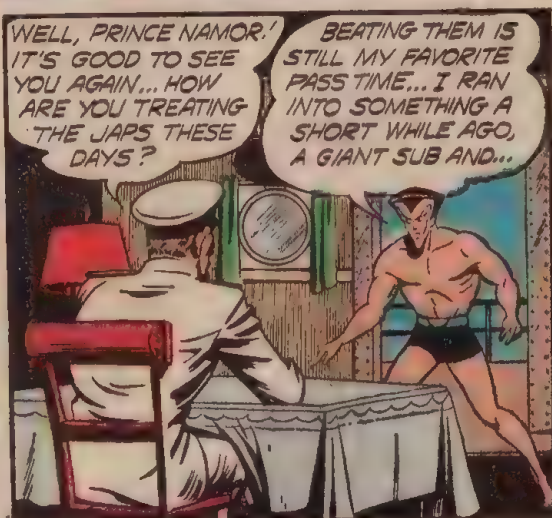
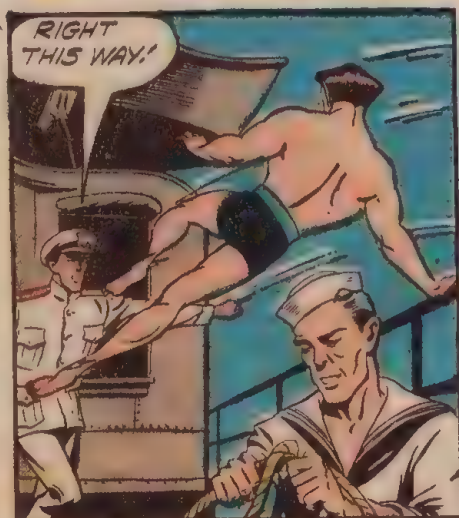
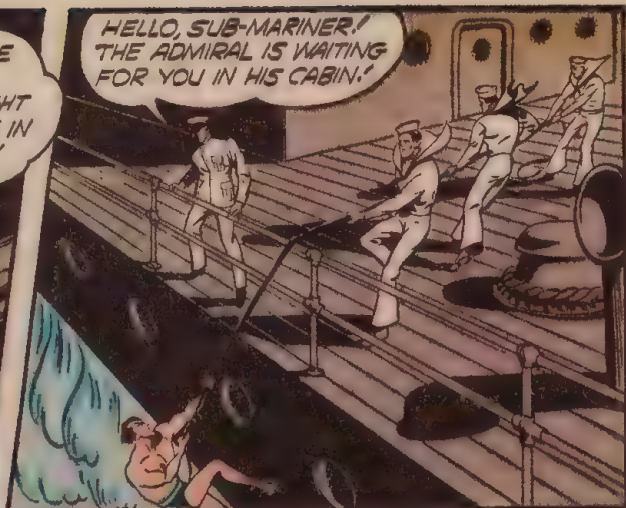
YOU SHOULD LEARN
NOT TO STAND IN THE
WAY OF A DOOR,
HOGGO!

JUST A
LITTLE
CLOSER,
BOYS!

DON'T
SHOOT YET,
WE MIGHT
HIT HOGGO









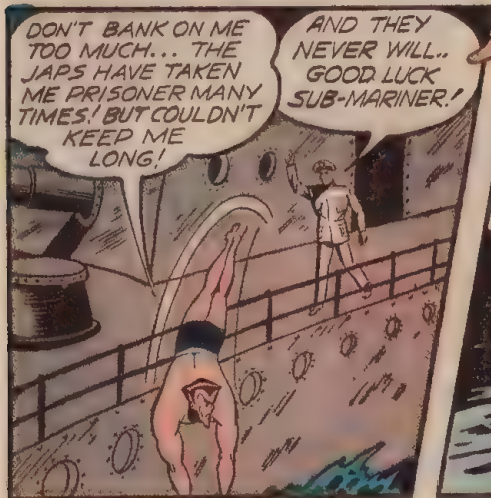
"...HO, HO, HO!!
"COME OUT AND
FIGHT IF YOU
DARE!"...THAT'S
THE BEST ONE YET
...WHY THOSE YELLOW
RUNTS....

TAKE IT EASY
ADMIRAL! THERE'S
MORE BACK OF
THIS...THOSE BACK
SLASHERS ARE UP
TO SOME OF
THEIR TRICKS!



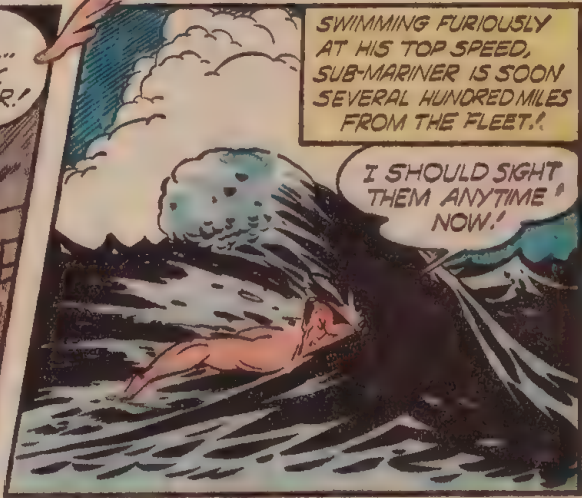
ADVANCE VERY
SLOWLY AND LET ME
GO AHEAD..I'LL RE--
PORT TO YOU BEFORE
YOU SIGHT THEM!

OKAY, PRINCE,
I'D RATHER
TAKE YOUR
ORDERS
AND THEN
COME IN
SHOOTING!



DON'T BANK ON ME
TOO MUCH... THE
JAPS HAVE TAKEN
ME PRISONER MANY
TIMES! BUT COULDN'T
KEEP ME
LONG!

AND THEY
NEVER WILL..
GOOD LUCK
SUB-MARINER!



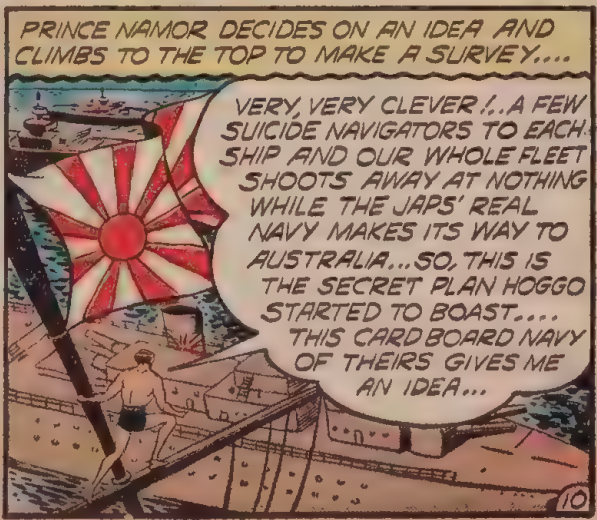
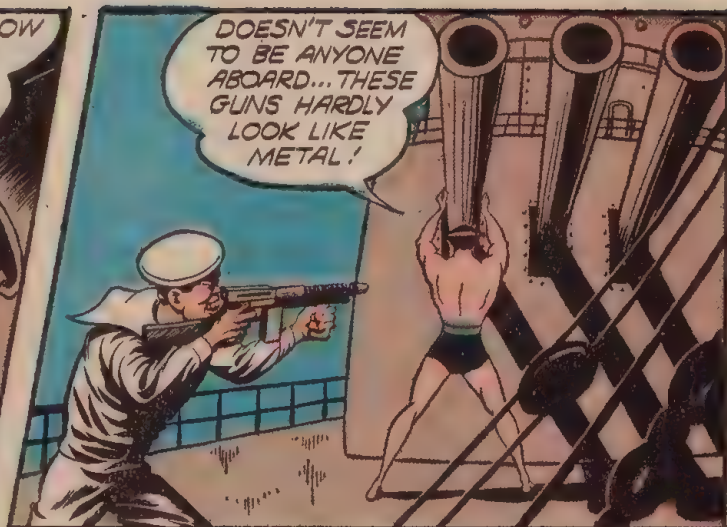
SWIMMING FURIOUSLY
AT HIS TOP SPEED,
SUB-MARINER IS SOON
SEVERAL HUNDRED MILES
FROM THE FLEET!

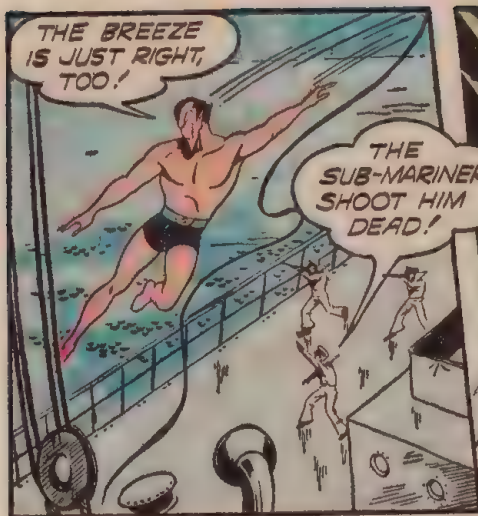
I SHOULD SIGHT
THEM ANYTIME
NOW!

A SHORT TIME LATER...

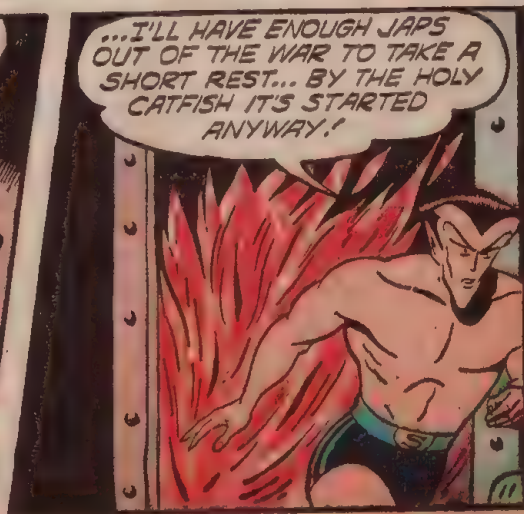
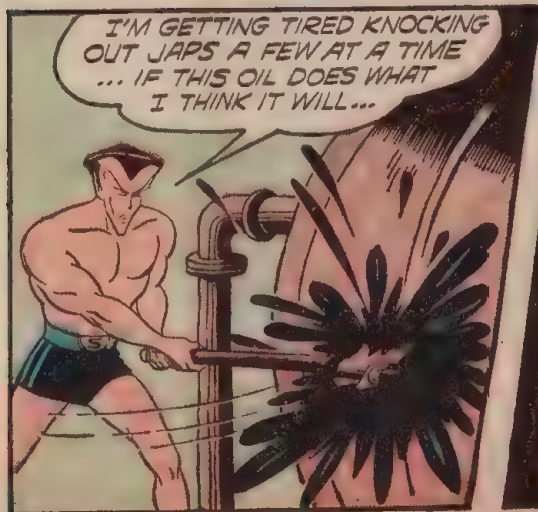
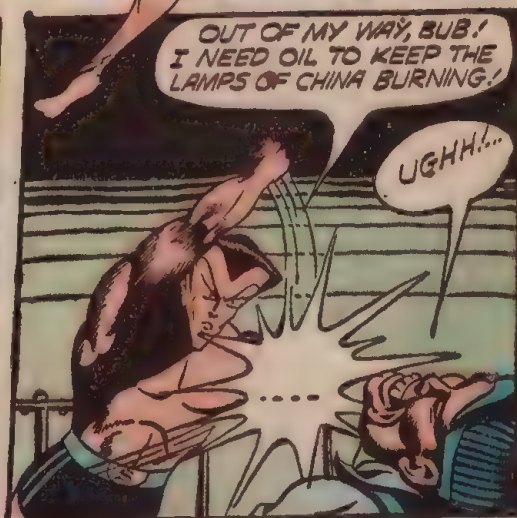
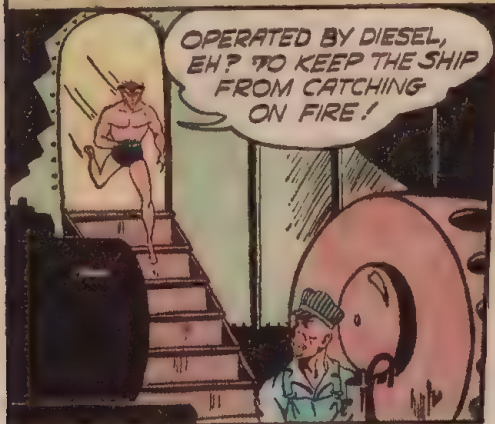


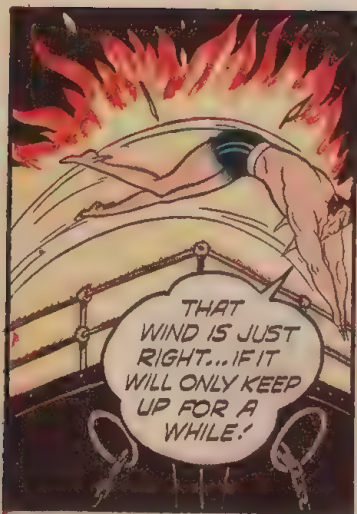
WELL, I'LL BE....
THEY WEREN'T KIDDING!
LOOKS LIKE ALL THE SHIPS
THEY OWN ARE READY
TO GO OUT TO
BATTLE!





SUBDUEING HIS WOULD-BE KILLERS PRINCE NAMOR QUICKLY DASHES TO THE POWER CONTROL ROOM OF THE SHIP.





AND THE GOOD WIND DOES KEEP UP UNTIL THE ENTIRE JAPANESE FAKE NAVY IS WELL UNDER A BLAZING INFERNO...

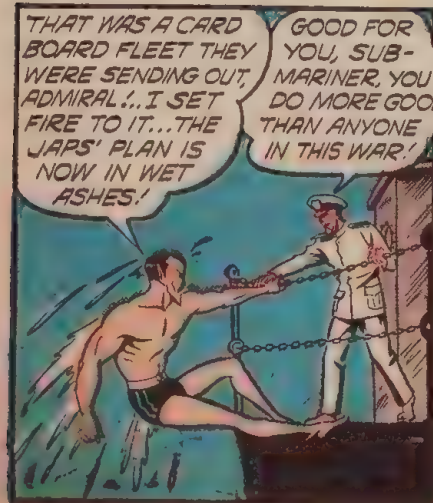


THAT WAS A CARD BOARD FLEET THEY WERE SENDING OUT, ADMIRAL!... I SET FIRE TO IT... THE JAPS' PLAN IS NOW IN WET ASHES!

GOOD FOR YOU, SUB-MARINER, YOU DO MORE GOOD THAN ANYONE IN THIS WAR!

NICE COMPLIMENT, ADMIRAL, BUT WHAT I DO WILL NOT COUNT WITHOUT THE HELP OF EVERY MAN, WOMAN, AND CHILD ON YOUR SIDE!

RIGHT, SUB-MARINER! EVERY ONE OF US CAN DO SOMETHING EVERYDAY TOWARD BRINGING THIS WAR TO A QUICKER END!



ARE YOU DOING ALL YOU CAN?

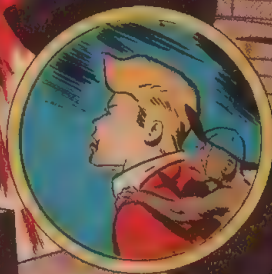
Terry Vance

The
SCHOOL BOY
SLEUTH

BLOW UP THE
BRIDGE...ZGG...
AS PER PLAN!
HEIL HITLER!
HA! HA! HA!

BOOM

BOOM



DEADLINE DAWSON, TERRY AND THE MONKEY MEET THE HUMAN TRANSMITTER AND FIND MORE THAN THEY BARGAINED FOR WHILE JOB HUNTING WHEN DEADLINE QUILTS THE PAPER..

OUR MYSTERY OPENS IN THE CRIME LAB OF TERRY VANCE, OUR SCHOOL-BOY SLEUTH...

HI, DEADLINE, PULL UP A FINGERPRINT AND SIT DOWN! I'VE JUST HIT ON AN ANGLE FOR AT LEAST ONE GOOD FEATURE STORY!

CHHK

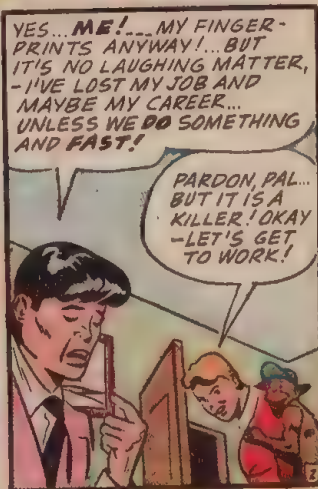
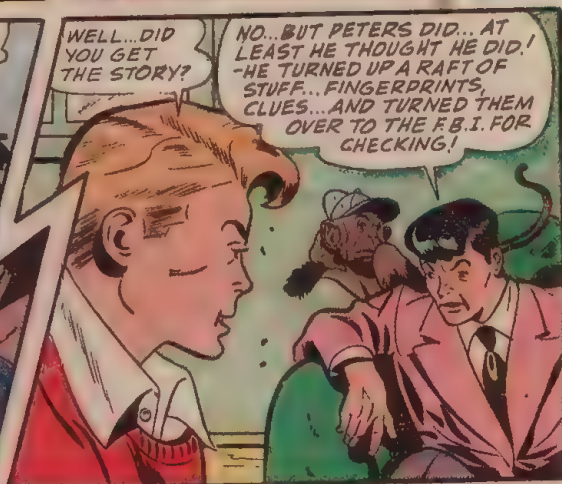
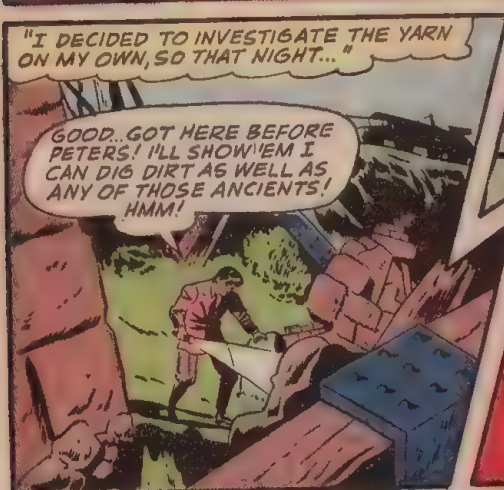
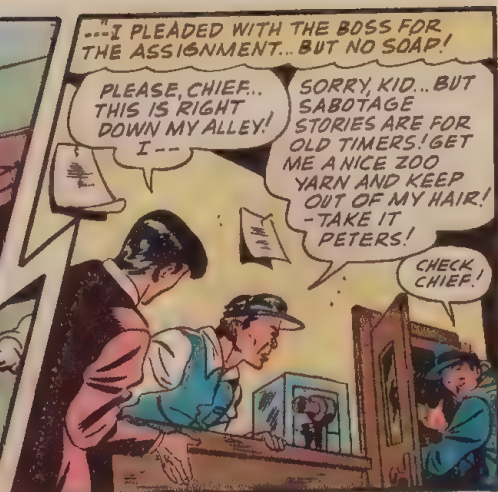
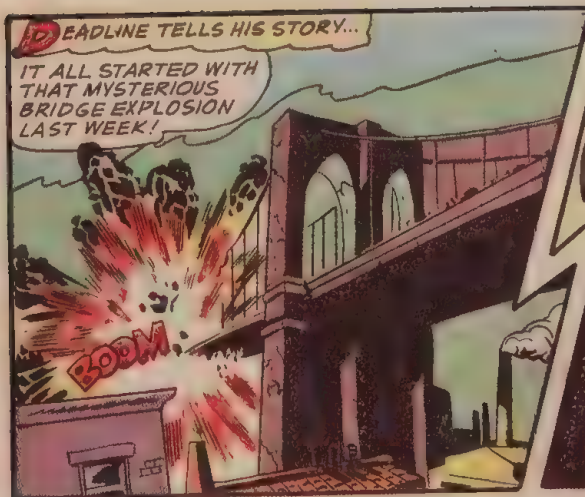
FORGET IT, PAL.. I'M THROUGH WRITING FEATURE STORIES!

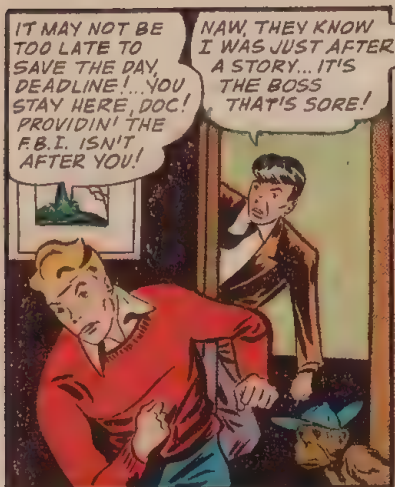
WHAT'S UP? --DEMOTED AGAIN?

NOPE... QUIT FLAT!

QUIT?... HOW COME, I--THOU

WANT TO HEAR THE STORY? OKAY! LISTEN HARD... IT'LL PROBABLY BE MY LAST!





IT MAY NOT BE TOO LATE TO SAVE THE DAY, DEADLINE!... YOU STAY HERE, DOC! PROVIDIN' THE F.B.I. ISN'T AFTER YOU!

NAW, THEY KNOW I WAS JUST AFTER A STORY... IT'S THE BOSS THAT'S SORE!



FIRST, LET'S BOTH GET JOBS IN THE NEW CHEMICAL PLANT... THEY NEED MEN BADLY!

AND SOMETHING MAY TURN UP! --AND IT USUALLY DOES WHEN YOU'RE AROUND! LET'S DO IT!



LATER... AFTER BEING OKAYED FOR THE JOBS!

REPORT TO THE FOREMAN OVER THERE... AND TALK UP TO HIM, HE'S DEAF!

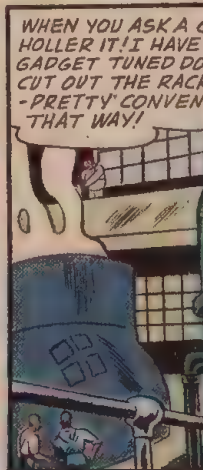
?

YES, SIR!



HMM! MANPOWER SITUATION MUST BE BAD WHEN A DEAF GUY GETS A JOB AS A...

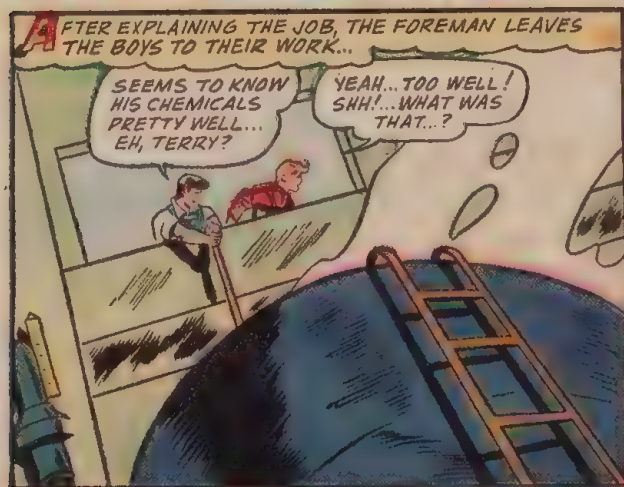
SHH! HE'S GOT BATTERY EAR PHONES! --- HE'LL HEAR YOU!



WHEN YOU ASK A QUESTION HOLLER IT! I HAVE THIS GADGET TUNED DOWN TO CUT OUT THE RACKET!... -PRETTY CONVENIENT THAT WAY!

OKAY... ER... OKAY! NO QUESTIONS! WE'LL JUST LISTEN TO YOU TALK!

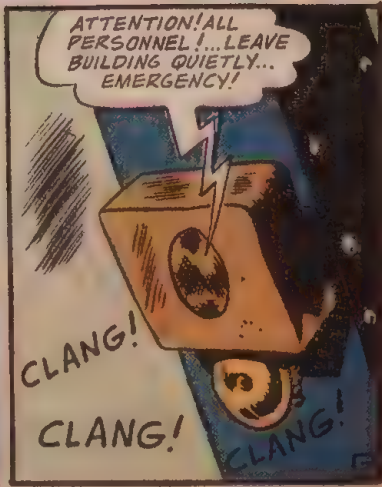
UMM...



AFTER EXPLAINING THE JOB, THE FOREMAN LEAVES THE BOYS TO THEIR WORK...

SEEMS TO KNOW HIS CHEMICALS PRETTY WELL... EH, TERRY?

YEAH... TOO WELL! SHH!... WHAT WAS THAT...?



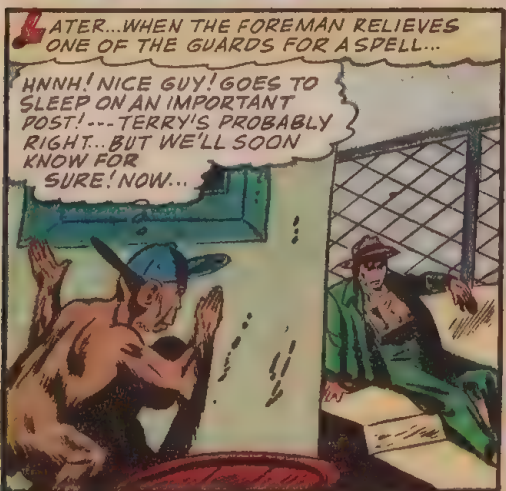
ATTENTION! ALL PERSONNEL!... LEAVE BUILDING QUIETLY... EMERGENCY!

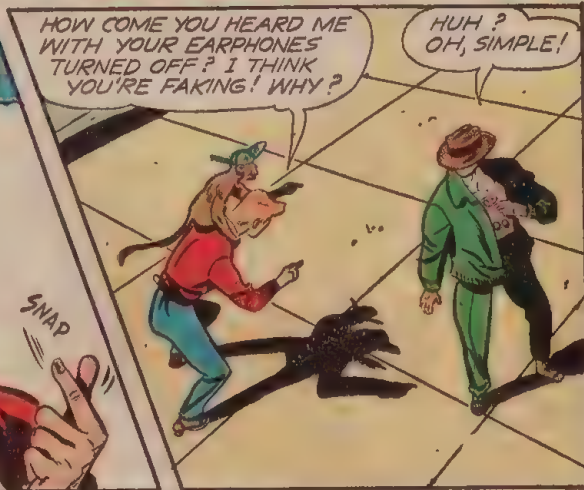
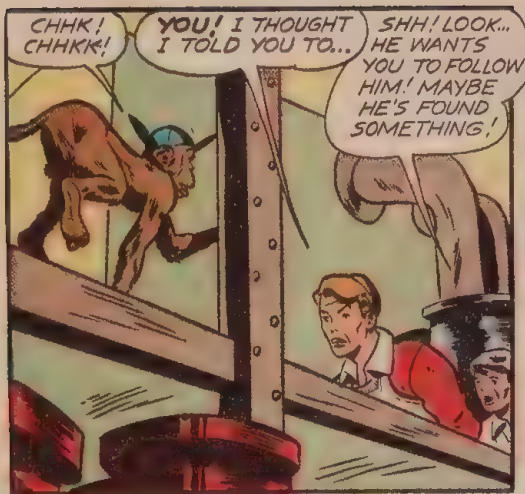
CLANG!

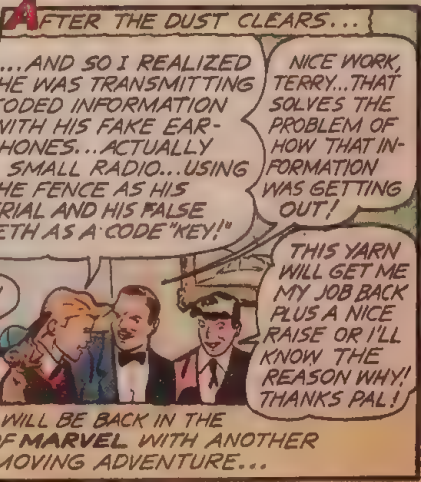
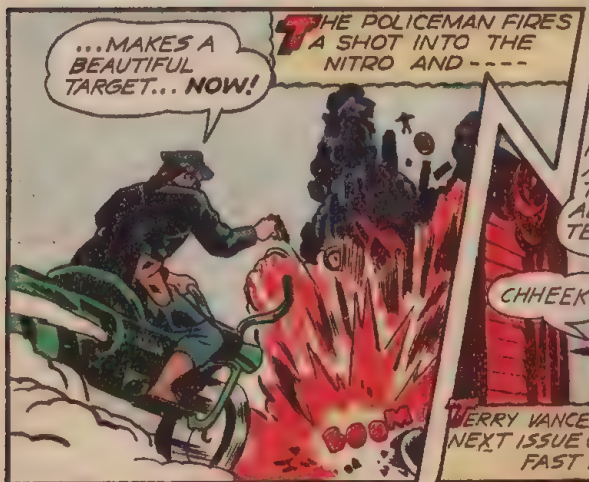
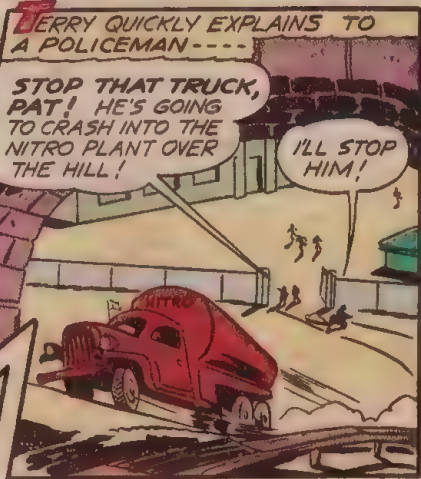
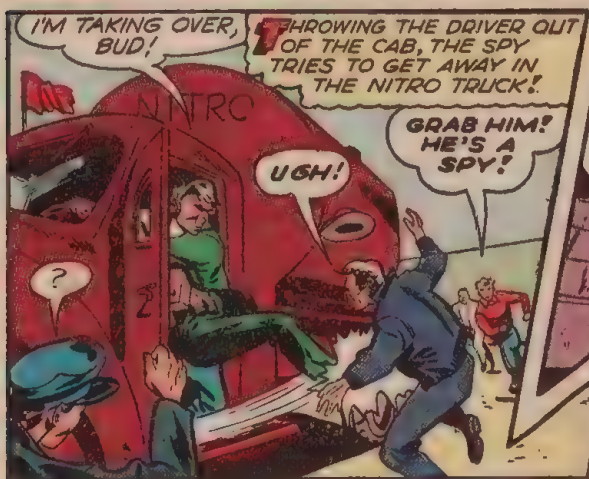
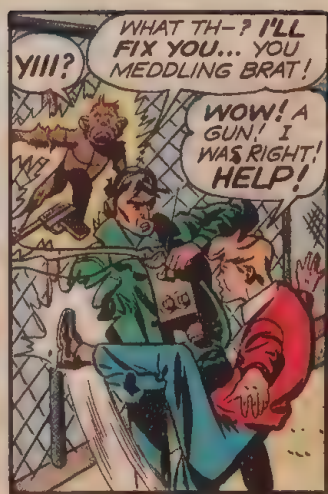
CLANG!

CLANG!









DEATH

BY
DELAYED
ACTION

WHEN Harvey came to the big state hospital I thought nothing of it, until I found out his name started out like a five-course dinner and ended up like a hang-over. To top that all off, Cathy, who works in the Social Service Department, found out he was a scientist . . . and hiding.

"If you ask me," Cathy said, "we've got enough to do without handling this sort of thing. Something ought to be done!"

Something was. But not the kind of something we wanted.

I'M NIGHT cop here. It's a twelve-hour job because there isn't enough help. So I get around the place as much as possible and eventually I stopped in to No. 96 to see his nibs. He was little and squat, broader almost than he was long; had a cherubic face and keen blue eyes. I liked him, which was a mistake. I said, "What's new, Doc?"

He looked me over and smiled. "The name is Harvey."

"Sure. While you're here. Who's after you?"

A little color left his face. "I don't understand—"

"Okay. You don't want to talk. If you would, maybe it'd be easier for you. And safer."

I left him to think that over and trailed along next day when Cathy went to the city to check where his nibs had been roosting.

Boy, some neighborhood! Warehouses and the smell of illuminating gas and fuel oil. The streets twisted and turned, and were littered with cans and broken bottles.

Fifteen Dock Street looked like nothing I wanted to go into. Cathy rapped at the door. She had plenty of nerve for her size. The door squeaked open a crack and Cathy shoved with her shoulder. Right after that I wished she hadn't. A guy with a scar that made his mouth look as if it started at each ear gave us what may have been intended for a grin. Personally I thought it a bum imitation.

"I'd like to speak to Steve," Cathy announced.

Where she'd got the name, I don't know. Probably out of Harvey.

The guy snickered as if it were a joke. "Steve? You want to see him personal?"

"I do."

He jerked a thumb over his shoulder. "In there, sis."

I didn't like the place, much less the look of that door, but once more Cathy took the lead and I trailed along. We went through the door. . . . I was all set to duck, but nothing happened.

It wasn't much of a room. That went for the three guys in it. Cathy said, "I'm looking for Steve."

One of them nodded. None of 'em would have won any ribbons. They kept eyeing us. Or Cathy, at least. They didn't bother much with me.

Steve said, "That's me. What's up?"

"I want to find out about William Harvey."

I don't know whether she noticed it or not, but it seemed to me all three got stiff where they sat, while their eyes sort of popped.

"Bill Harvey?" Steve said. "What about him?"

"That's what I've come to find out."

Steve asked, "What d'you want to know?"

"Where he lives, what he does—"

"He don't live around here any more," one of the other guys said. "Saunders is my name. This," indicating the guy with the funny noggin, "is Kay." He transferred his fishy look to Cathy. "You know where Harvey is?"

"In a state hospital for the mentally insane."

I gave her a poke and she looked around. Saunders snickered. "That's all right, bud. Maybe we knew all the time." He looked at Cathy again. "Sorry, sis. We don't know nothing!"

That was as far as she got. We finally beat it, which suited me fine, because I'd had enough for a long time to come.

I DIDN'T see Harvey for a couple of days. I was trying to dope out the connection between him and Steve's crowd. It had me worried. I could think of all kinds of answers.

Harvey, professor somebody or other, might have a price on his head. For what he had in it! That was most likely. I was still trying to figure it out when I walked out near the farm where Harvey was working on a road gang.

He was with a squad of eight or ten other patients, under the supervision of an attendant. They were allowed to scatter a good deal to get the work done.

I spotted Harvey. And right afterward . . .
Saunders.

Saunders had come out of the woods, was watching Harvey. He started forward and Harvey must have heard the sound of his feet in the weeds, because he looked around. . . .

Next second Harvey turned and lunged away. Saunders stumbled forward, half tripping in the weeds, jerked his hand out of his pocket. I saw a gun in it. Saunders leveled it and fired twice. Harvey stumbled, caught his balance, hurled himself into the woods. Looking at him, you'd have thought he couldn't get away from his own shadow. Now he went like a jack-rabbit.

I headed after them on the run. Saunders was following Harvey. By the time I got into the woods they were both out of sight.

Nothing to do but follow. I took the trail that led up hill and then down. There was a little clearing ahead, and when I reached it I saw Saunders and Harvey. They were talking and Saunders had a gun pointed at Harvey.

Saunders said: "I'll make you a proposition, Bill. Kay an' Steve are out. Somebody got wise, spilled their guts to the cops. There's just the two of us. I'll take care of everything. . . ."

"I don't need your help. How'd you find out where I was?"

Saunders answered, "Some bone-head dame and a guy came snooping around. We followed 'em back here!"

Harvey swore. It sounded funny. I edged up, hoping to tackle Saunders rather than use my hardware. But he heard me. He didn't even look back. He must have been scared stiff anyhow. I winged him and he went head over heels into the brush, his gun flying away past Harvey.

"Don't move!" I warned Harvey. "Or you'll get the same!"

I went in after Saunders and found he didn't need anything from me. I turned and crawled out.

Harvey was gone.

THERE was a path leading out the other side of the clearing. The dirt was soft, sandy. I saw the imprint of running feet and followed. I reached a bank overlooking the bay, and down

there, at the bottom, pushing a small boat with an outboard kicker attached was Harvey.

I yelled and went down on the fly. It was steep and there were weeds and the ground was loose. I hit the bottom, ran through the marsh grass, splashed into the water. . . .

Harvey was in the boat. He'd pushed out a short distance. He was facing me and he had Saunders' gun. I noticed the pasty look on Harvey's face, saw the blood on his shirt.

I said, "Look, Buster. You're hurt. Saunders got you. Don't be a sap. You either got a saw-bones or a hole in the ground."

"Save it," Harvey snarled. His face was twisted with anger and triumph. "I had this all planned. Was just waiting till I had a chance—"

For a couple of seconds we stared at each other. Harvey's lips were working, trembling. I asked, "What's it all about? Saunders and Kay and Steve—"

"It's about me!" he bragged. "I worked in a defense plant. Got information about a new gun. Worth a fortune where I'll sell it! I had everything set. The boat. The plans in my head. Worth too much to split with them. I put on an act, got myself sent out here. For a rest!" He laughed.

He leaned forward, groping for the starting cord of the kicker, ready to blast me—

I saw his knees sag. It was like watching a tree fall. His body started to go limp. The gun in his hand belched, the pill kicked up a water-spout close to me. Too close. The gun slipped from his fingers. His other hand kept groping for the starting cord and all the time he was easing forward. The boat lurched as he went off balance. He hit the water, went under.

I ploughed through the drink up to my armpits, felt him with my foot, went under and got him up. I dragged him onto the beach.

He was done for. Like Saunders.

HED PUT one over on us. A professor, all right. All the time I'd thought him an innocent old gent. A refugee scientist, maybe, while actually he was an enemy agent.

Steve and his two pals had been after the information Harvey had.

Just goes to show—you never know what's going to happen nowadays. Not even in a bug-house. And maybe Saunders wasn't such a hot shot. It took a while for that hunk of led he fed Harvey to take effect. But it took in time to save my skin!

THE END

Miss

AMERICA



MADLINE JOYCE
IN THE ROLE OF
MISS AMERICA
Battles the
MYSTERIOUS
"**PEDDLER**
of **DOOM**"

A THIRD LIFELESS BODY WAS DISCOVERED
ON A LONELY ROAD IN THE VICTIM'S
SMASHED CAR! POLICE KNOW THE MOTIVE
WAS ROBBERY, THE CLOTHES OF THE
VICTIM HAVING BEEN RANSACKED---

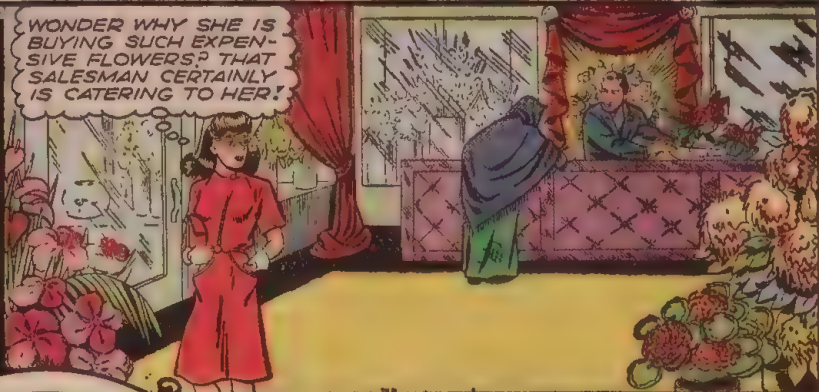
THE SOLE CLUE
IS A STRONG SCENT
OF ROSES THAT---
(CLICK)

THAT REMINDS
ME TO GET
SOME FLOWERS
FOR UNCLE
JIM!



MADELINE ENTERS THE FLORIST SHOP AND WHILE WAITING TO BE SERVED---HER ALERT MIND PUZZLES UPON THE APPEARANCE OF A SHABBY OLD WOMAN!

WONDER WHY SHE IS BUYING SUCH EXPENSIVE FLOWERS? THAT SALESMAN CERTAINLY IS CATERING TO HER!

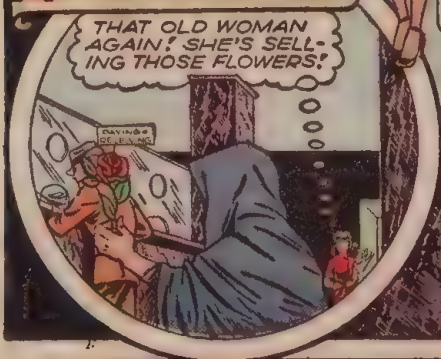


A FEW MINUTES LATER-- IN THE BANK NEXT DOOR!

THAT OLD WOMAN AGAIN! SHE'S SELLING THOSE FLOWERS!

ROSES! BEAUTIFUL ROSES! TWENTY FIVE CENTS!

OH-OH! I KNEW IT! THOSE ROSES COST TWICE THAT!



BEAUTIFUL ROSES! BUY A ROSE!

AH! IT DOES SMELL WONDERFUL! I'LL TAKE ONE!



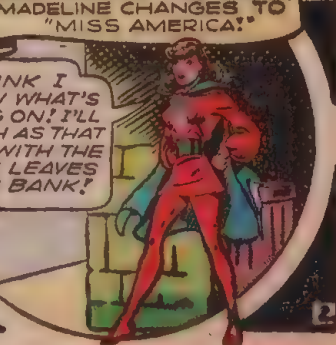
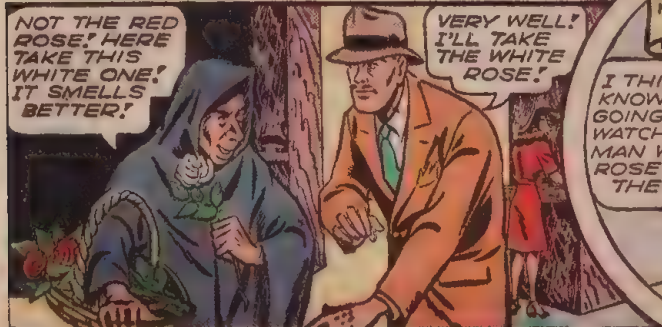
SHE FOLLOWED THAT MAN WHO DREW THAT LARGE SUM OF MONEY!

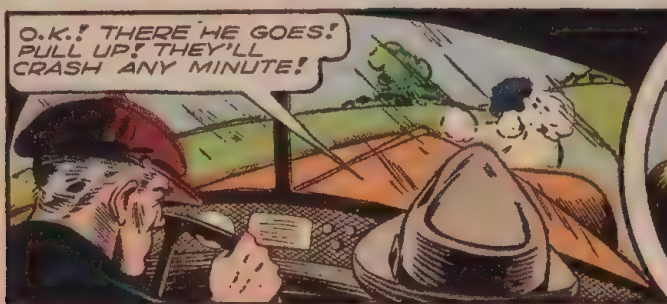
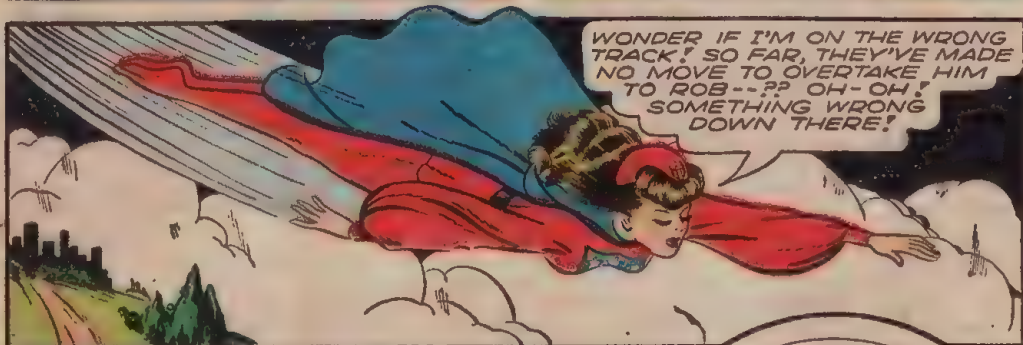
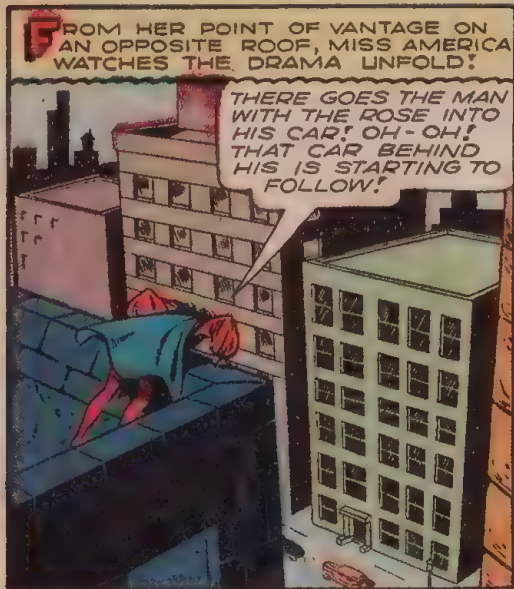
HASTILY MAKING HER WAY TO A DESERTED SPOT BEHIND THE BANK, MADELINE CHANGES TO "MISS AMERICA!"

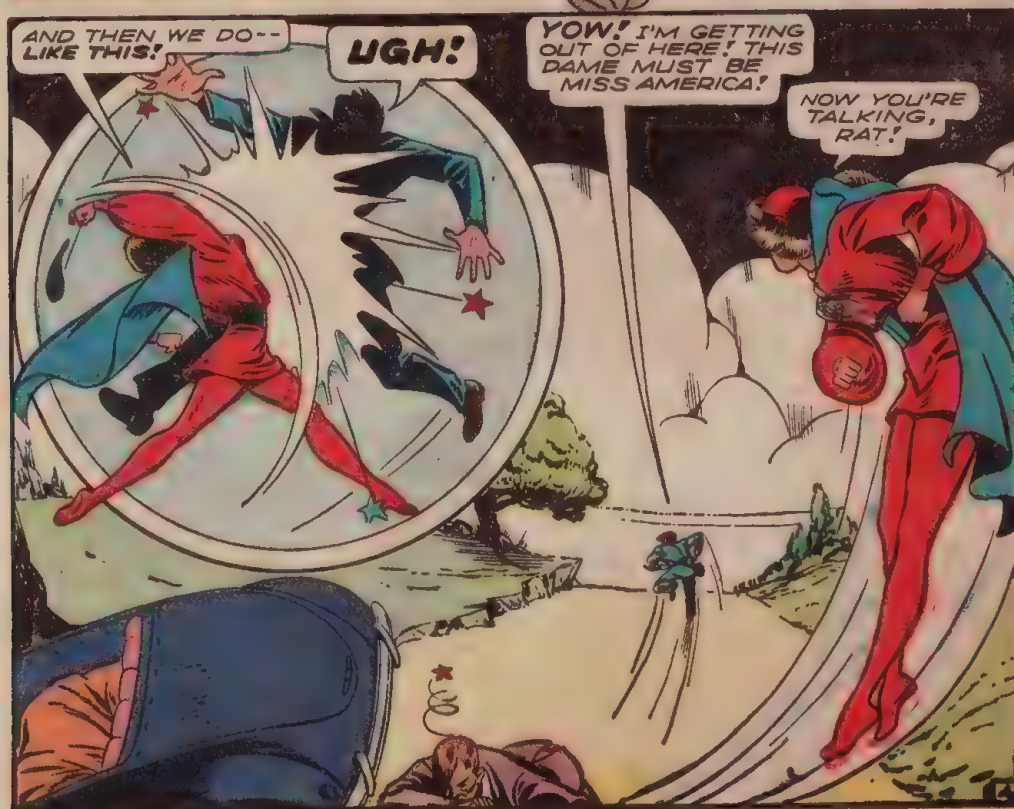
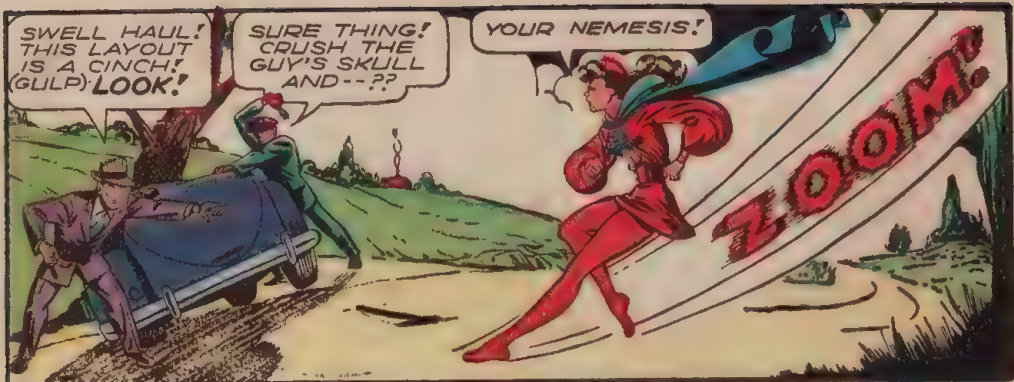
NOT THE RED ROSE! HERE TAKE THIS WHITE ONE! IT SMELLS BETTER!

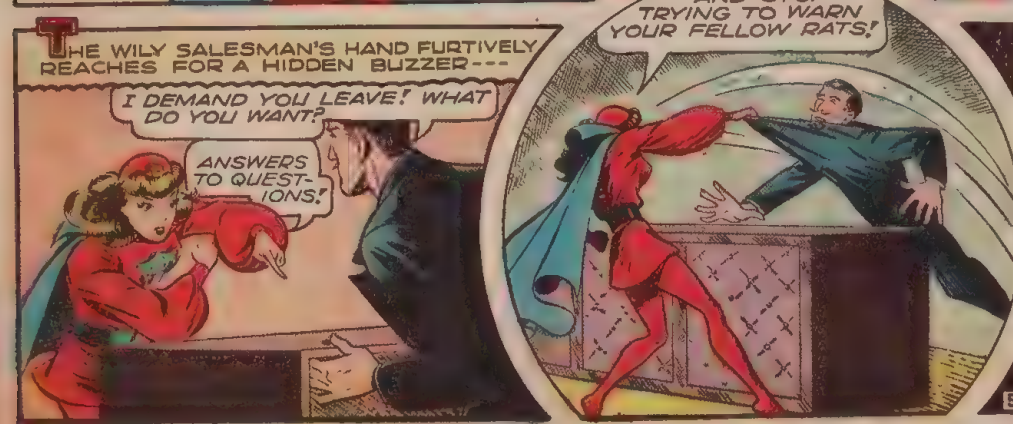
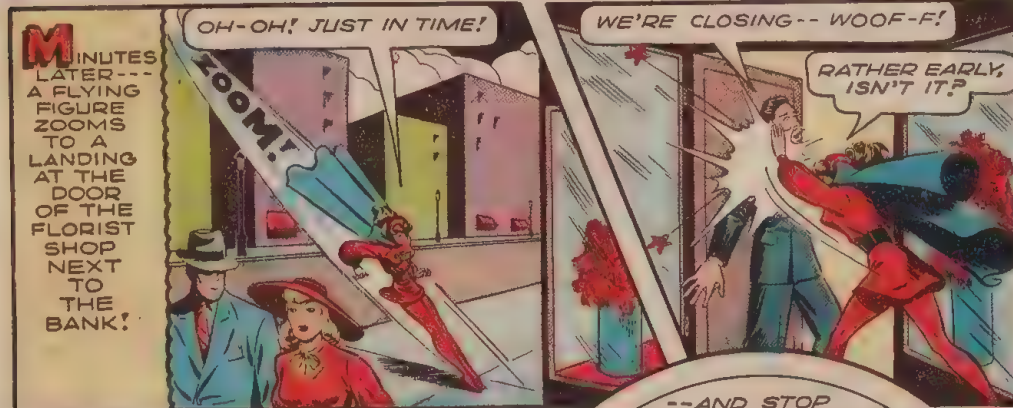
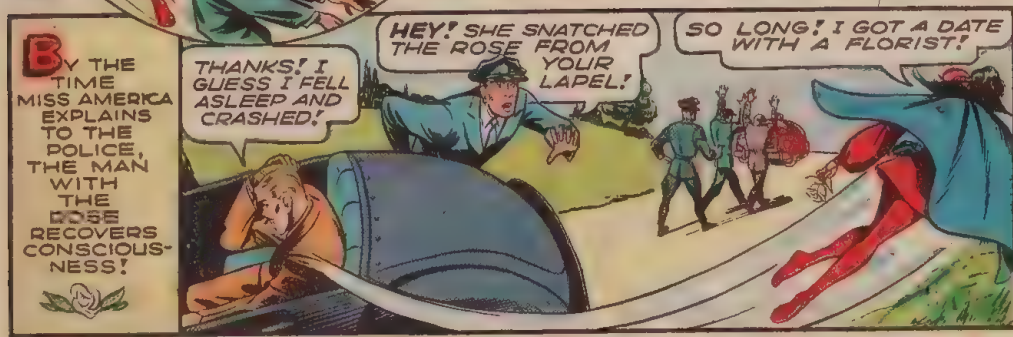
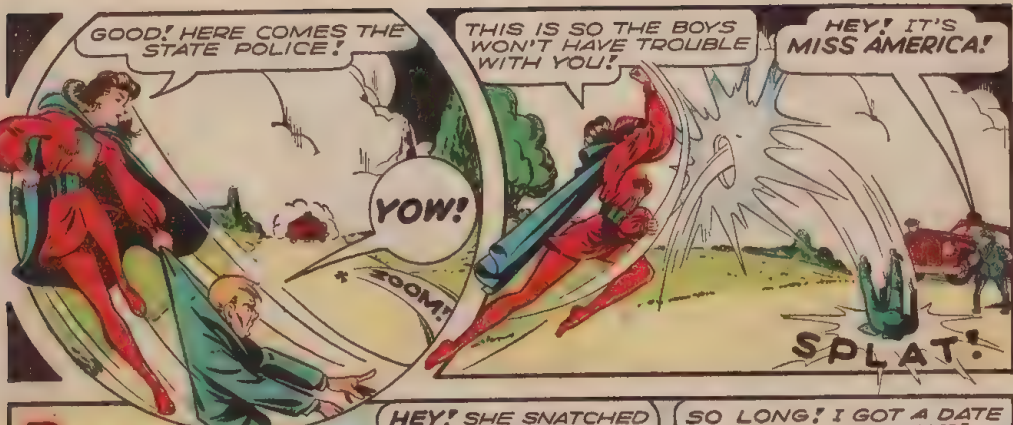
VERY WELL! I'LL TAKE THE WHITE ROSE!

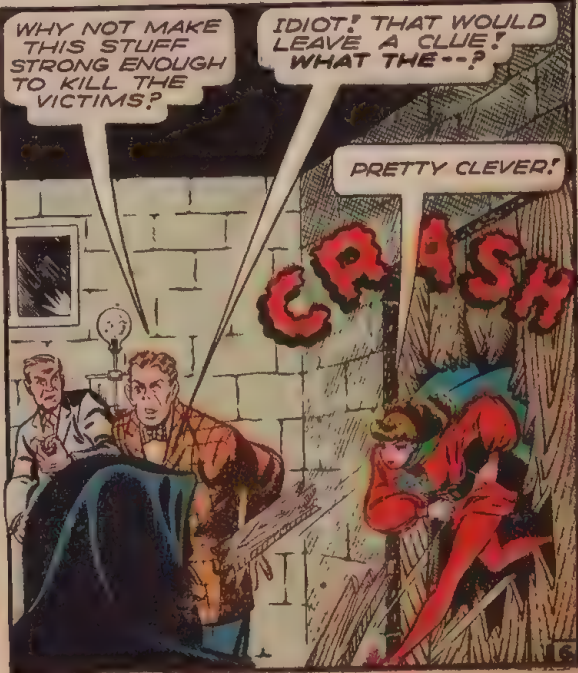
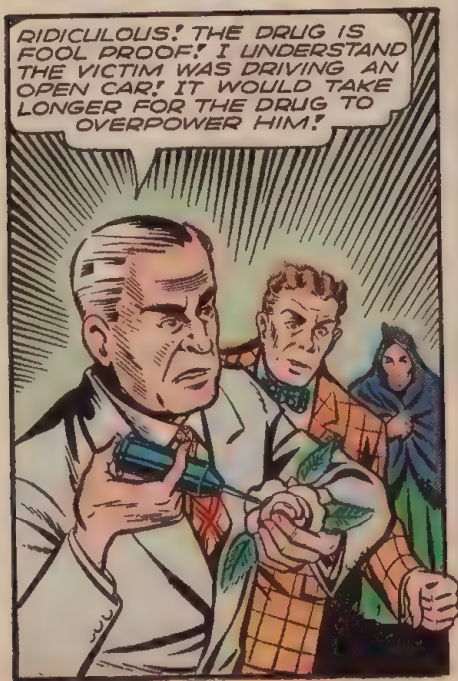
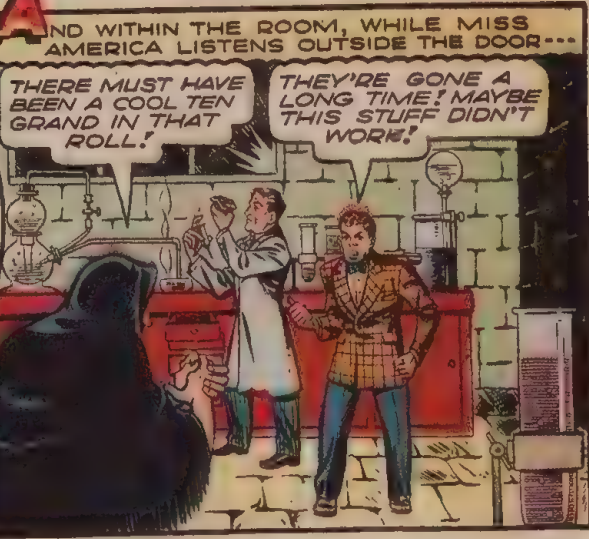
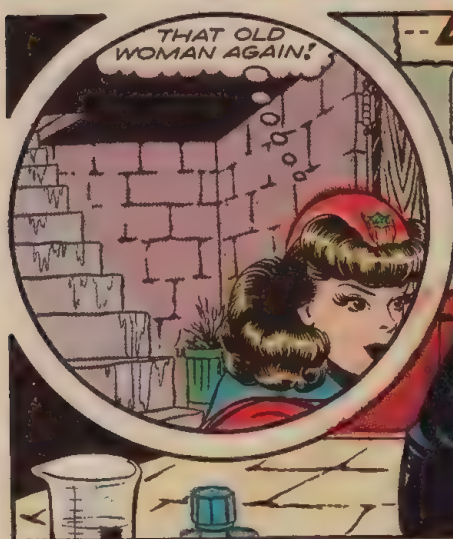
I THINK I KNOW WHAT'S GOING ON! I'LL WATCH AS THAT MAN WITH THE ROSE LEAVES THE BANK!

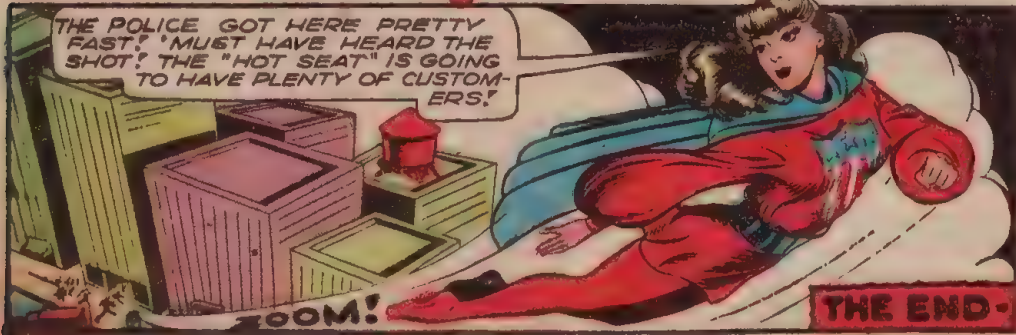
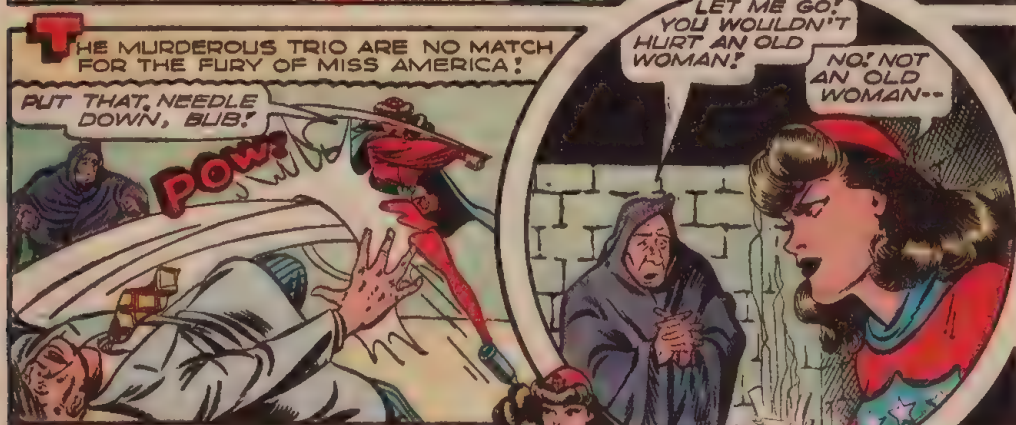
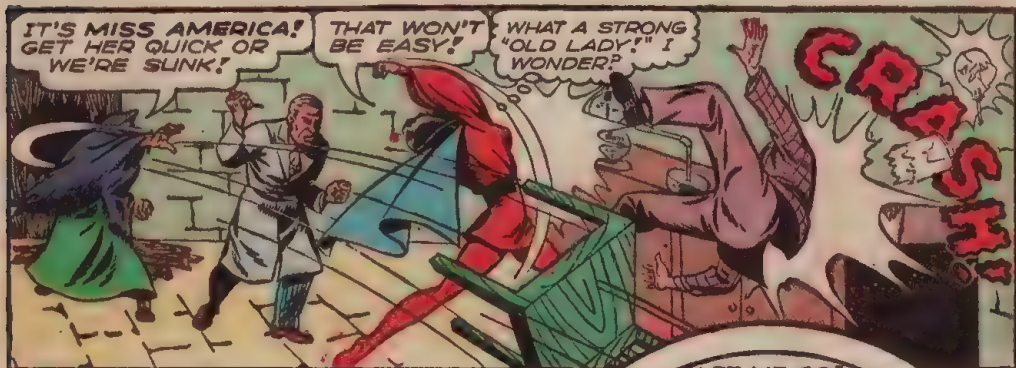


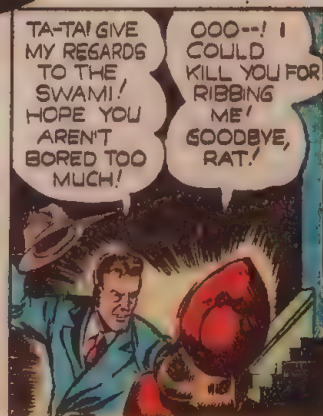




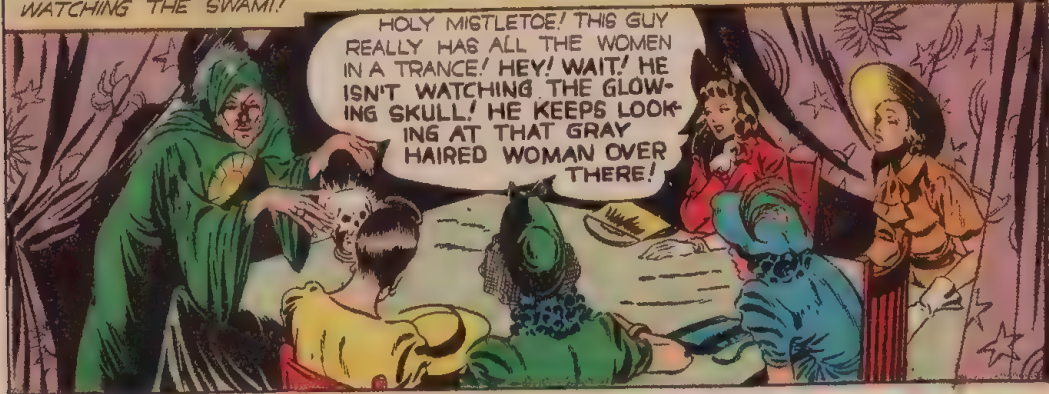








A FEW MINUTES LATER, MARY TAKING PART IN THE SEANCE IS STARTLED WHILE CLOSELY WATCHING THE SWAMI!



HOLY MISTLETOE! THIS GUY REALLY HAS ALL THE WOMEN IN A TRANCE! HEY! WAIT! HE ISN'T WATCHING THE GLOWING SKULL! HE KEEPS LOOKING AT THAT GRAY HAired WOMAN OVER THERE!

AFTER THE SEANCE!

I THOUGHT I RECOGNIZED HER! WOW! MAYBE I WILL GET A STORY OUT OF THIS AFTER ALL! I'LL WAIT FOR HER OUTSIDE!



ONE HOUR LATER---



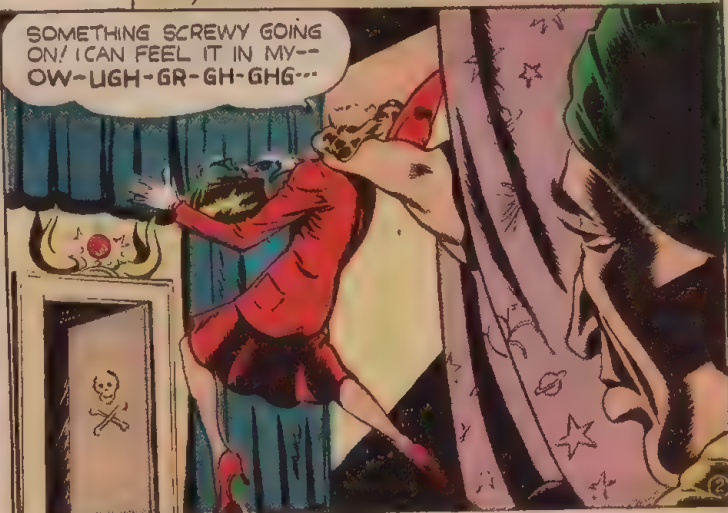
ALL THE WOMEN LEFT EXCEPTING SHE! I'M GOING IN!

AS MARY GROPEs HER WAY THROUGH THE SHADOWY HALL, A POWERFUL ARM DARTS FROM BEHIND THE DRAPES!

OH-OH! NO ONE ANSWERED MY RING! OOPS! THE DOOR IS OPEN!



SOMETHING SCREWY GOING ON! I CAN FEEL IT IN MY-- OW-UGH-GR-GH-GHG--



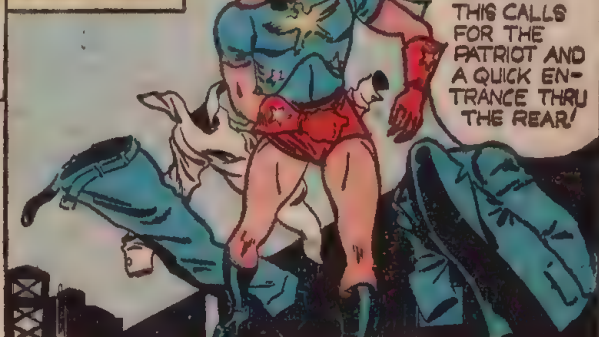
SOMETIME LATER, JEFF FINISHED WITH HIS ASSIGNMENT, PHONES IN HIS STORY ONLY TO HEAR STARTLING NEWS

WHAT? WHY SHE SHOULD BE BACK HOURS AGO!

BETTER HOP OVER TO THAT SWAMI AND SEE WHAT HAPPENED TO HER! I'M WORRIED!

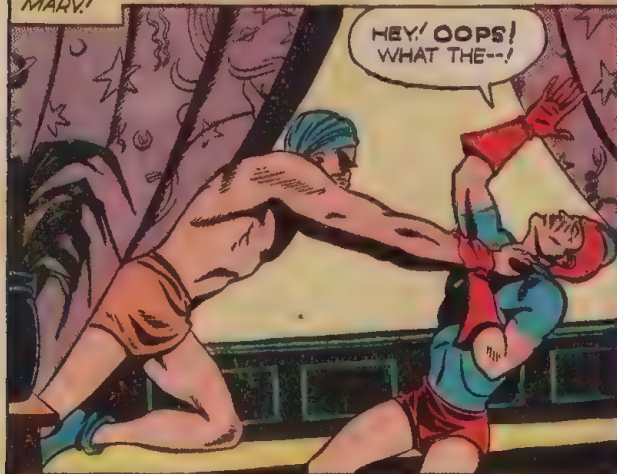


MINUTES LATER IN AN ALLEY NEAR THE SWAMI'S HOUSE!

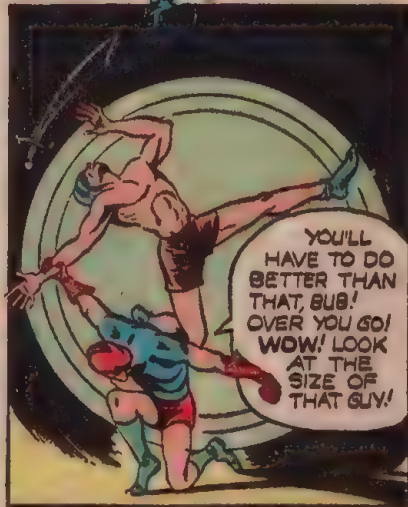


FRONT DOOR IS LOCKED AND THE HOUSE SEEMS DESERTED! THIS CALLS FOR THE PATRIOT AND A QUICK ENTRANCE THRU THE REAR!

THE PATRIOT QUICKLY GAINS AN ENTRANCE AND PASSES THE IDENTICAL SPOT WHERE THE HAND SEIZED MARY!

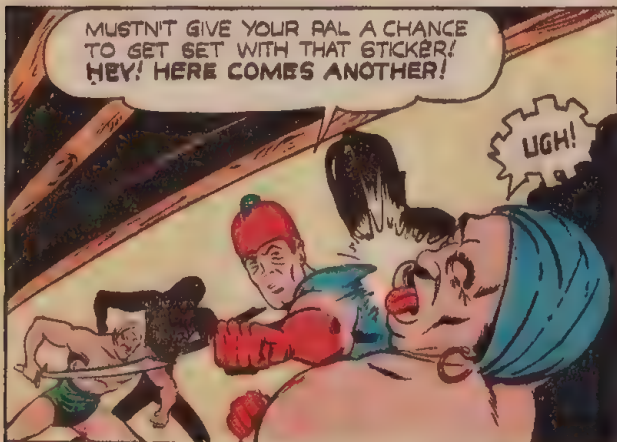


HEY! OOPS! WHAT THE--!



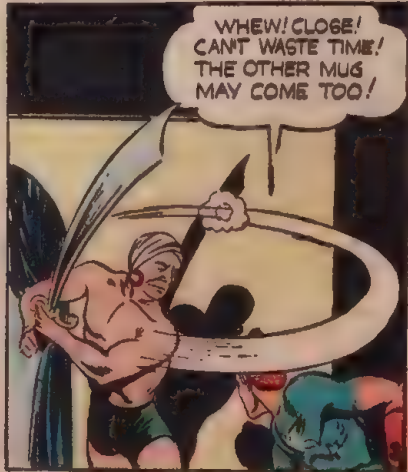
YOU'LL HAVE TO DO BETTER THAN THAT, SUB! OVER YOU GO! WOW! LOOK AT THE SIZE OF THAT GUY!

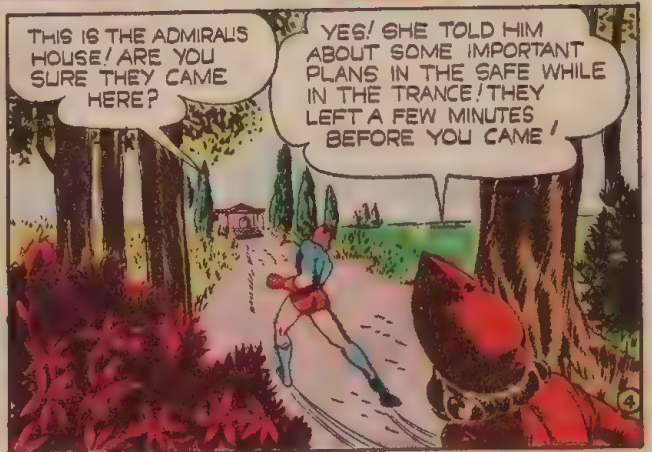
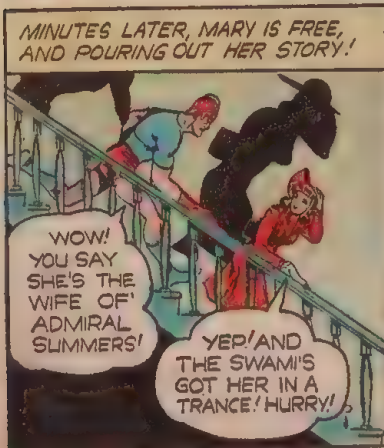
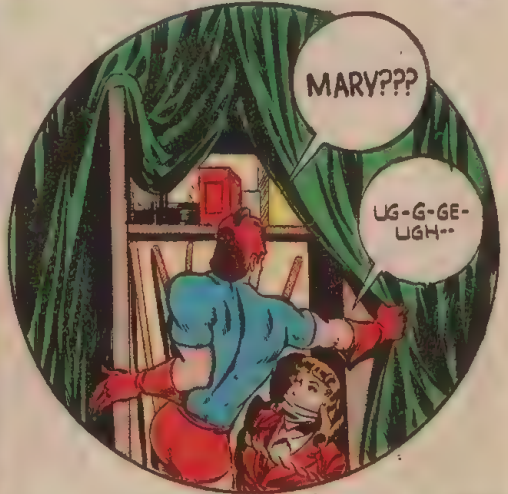
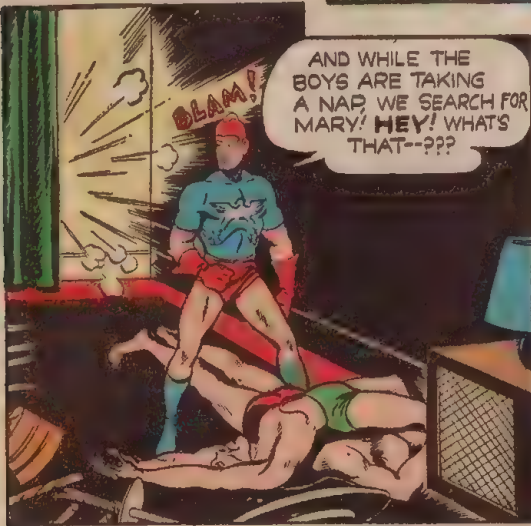
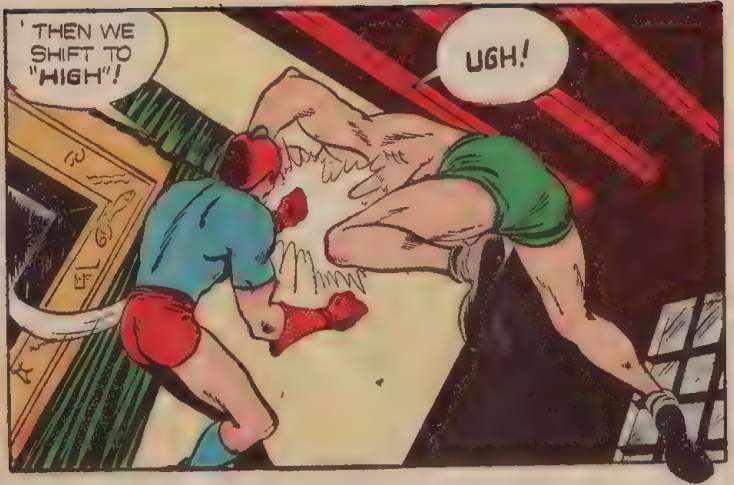
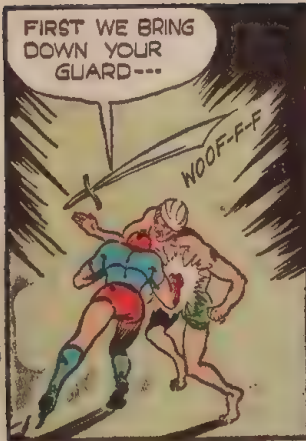
MUSTN'T GIVE YOUR RAL A CHANCE TO GET SET WITH THAT STICKER! HEY! HERE COMES ANOTHER!



UGH!

WHEW! CLOSE! CAN'T WASTE TIME! THE OTHER MUG MAY COME TOO!





AT THAT MOMENT IN THE LIBRARY OF THE ADMIRAL'S HOME!

AH! AT LAST THE PLANS!
THE AXIS WILL PAY ME PLENTY
FOR THEM! MORE THAN THEY
PROMISED! ABDUL ATFU KNOWS
WELL THEIR VALUE!



COME OUR
WORK IS
FINISHED!

THAT'S
WHAT YOU
THINK!



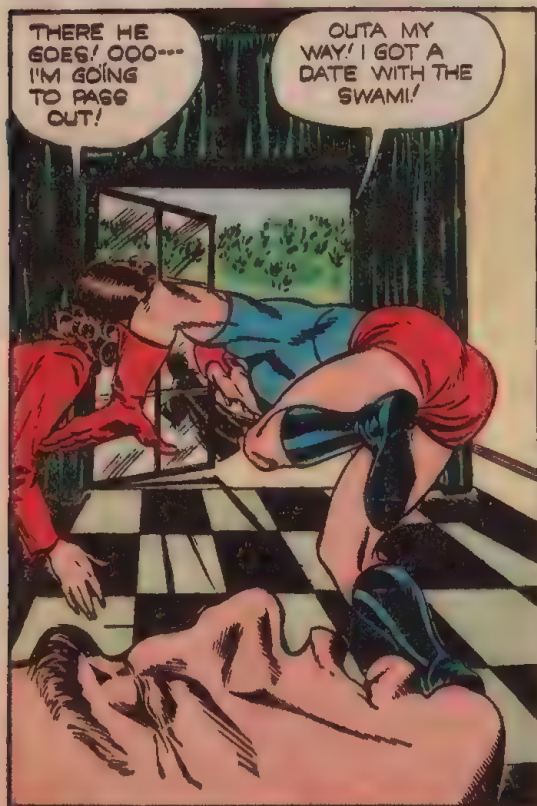
THE SWAMI'S HENCHMEN ATTACK AT HIS ORDER! THE DAZED WIFE IS BROUGHT OUT OF THE TRANCE WHILE SWAMI IS TRYING TO MAKE A GETAWAY!

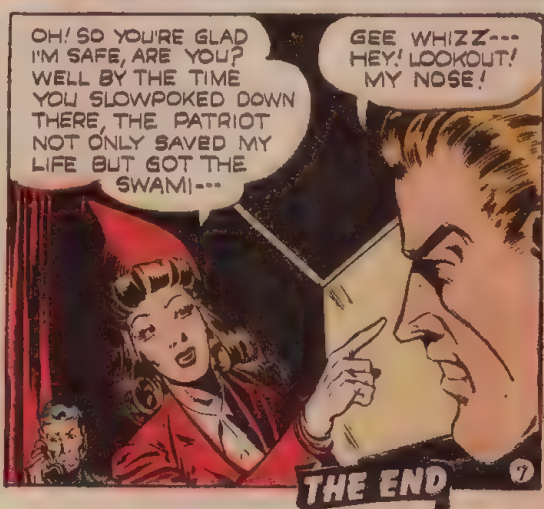
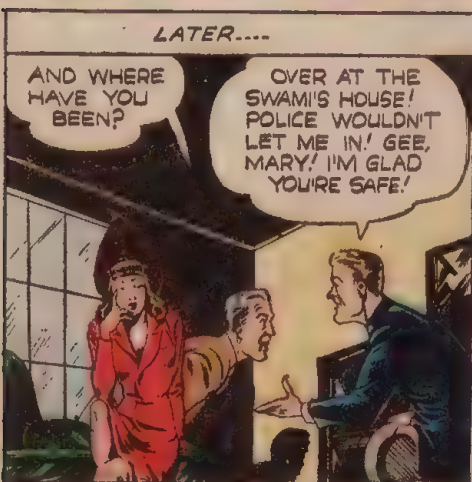
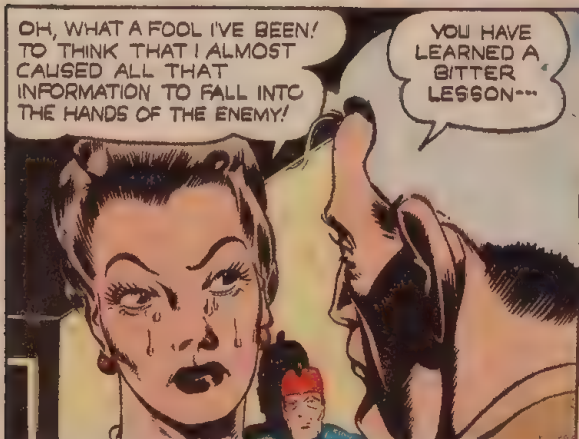
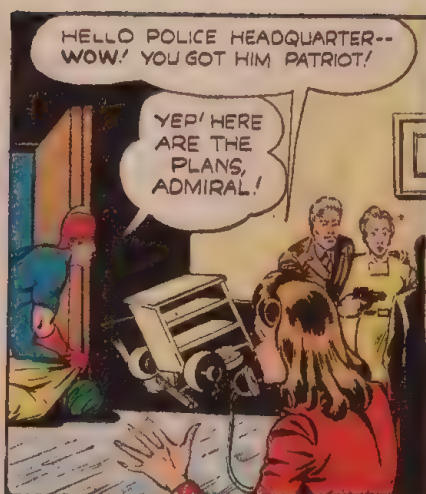
DON'T SHOOT!
IT WILL
BRING THE
POLICE--WOOF!

WHERE
DO YOU
THINK
YOU'RE
GOING?
WORM?

ATTA GIRL! HOLD
HIM UNTIL I GET RID
OF THESE RATS!

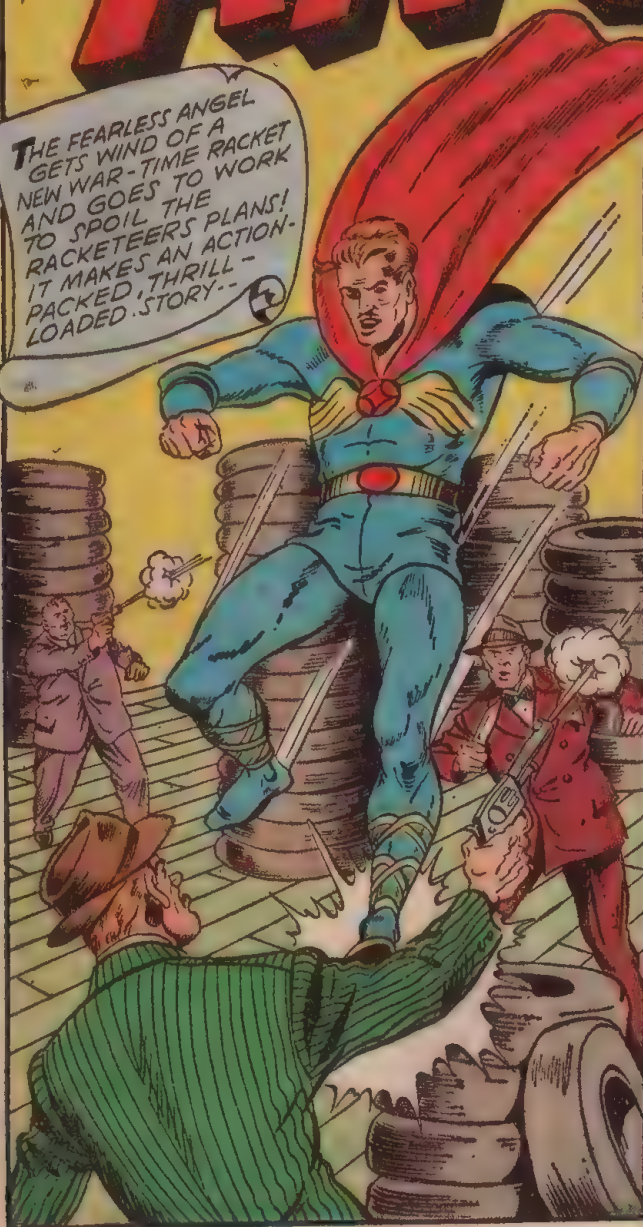






THE ANGEL

THE FEARLESS ANGEL GETS WIND OF A NEW WAR-TIME RACKET AND GOES TO WORK TO SPOIL THE RACKETEERS PLANS! IT MAKES AN ACTION-PACKED, THRILL-LOADED STORY--



"SLIP" LOGAN IS RELEASED FROM THE STATE PENITENTIARY, HAVING PAID THE PENALTY FOR HIS CRIME!

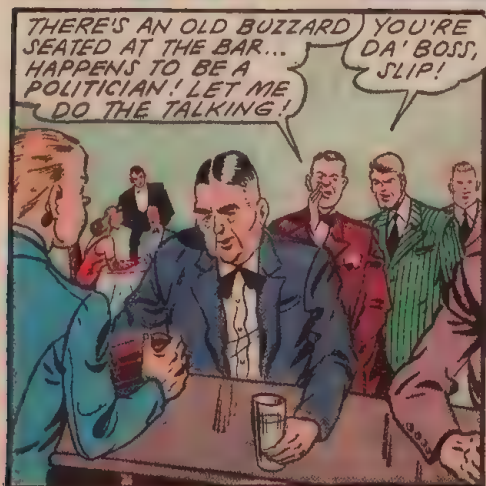
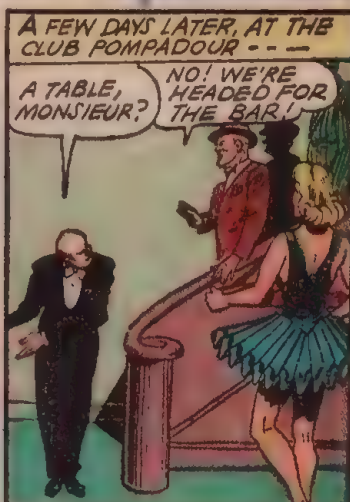
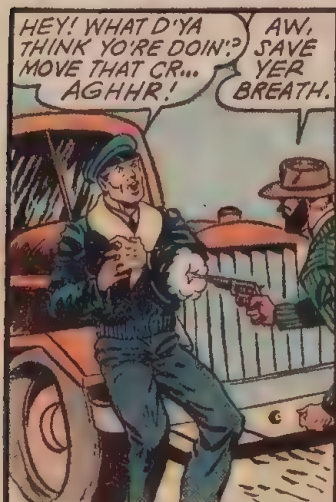
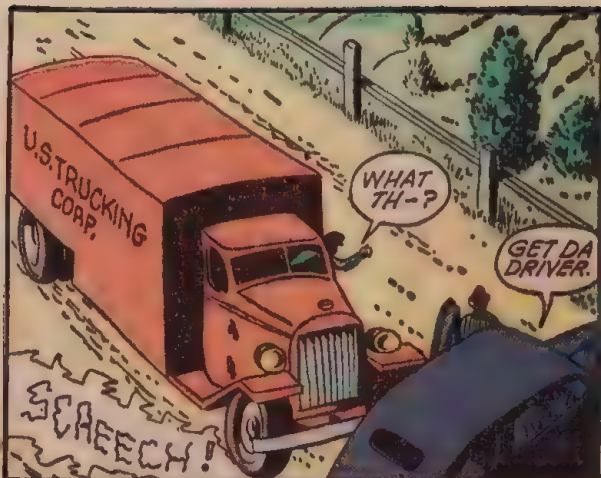
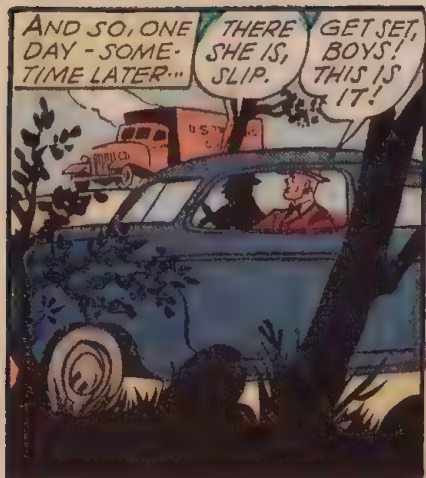
G'BYE, SLIP-- I'LL BE SEEIN' YA!

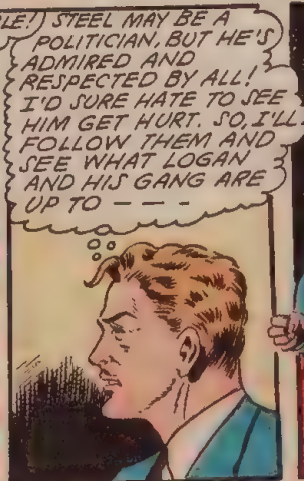
NOT ME -- ENOUGH IS ENOUGH! NO MORE JAILS FOR SLIP!



HY, SLIP -- YOU CUT TH' GAB! GET HAVEN'T CHANGED GOIN'! I'VE A BIT! GOT BIG PLANS-- HAD PLENTY OF TIME TO THINK!





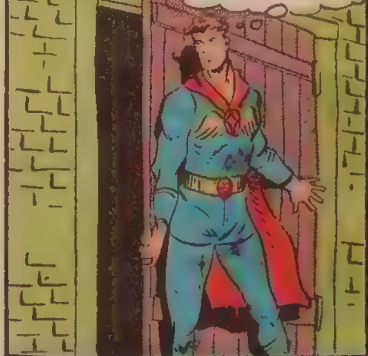


THE ANGEL FOLLOWS CLOSE BEHIND...

OH, OH! THERE THEY GO INTO THAT WAREHOUSE! THIS DOESN'T LOOK SO GOOD!



THEY LEFT THE DOOR AJAR -- MAYBE I CAN SLIP THROUGH UNNOTICED!



WOW! WHERE DID THEY GET ALL THOSE TIRES? HEY, WHERE IS THAT GUY GOING?



WELL... I'M BEGINNING TO SEE THEIR GAME!

HERE'RE YOUR TIRES, STEEL!

AND HERE'S YOUR MONEY! THANKS, SLIP!



TELL ME, WHERE DID YOU GET THESE TIRES ANYWAY?

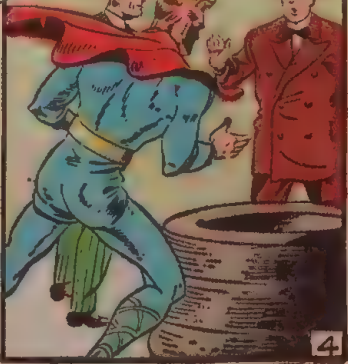
UH-UH, NO QUESTIONS! THIS IS STRICTLY BETWEEN US! CATCH!

DON'T WORRY ABOUT THAT, LOGAN! SO LONG!

RIGHT! I'LL HAVE THE TIRES DELIVERED TONIGHT!

WELL, SLIP, I GOT DA PIC--

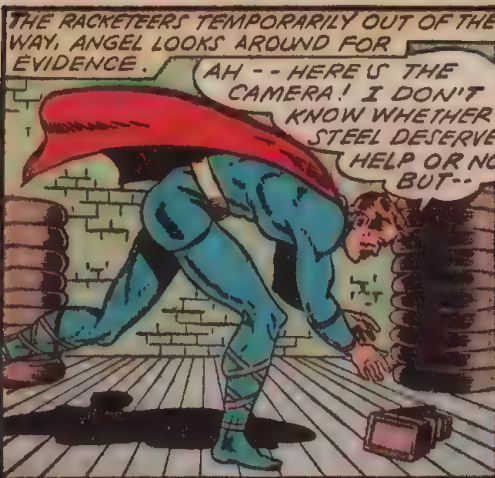
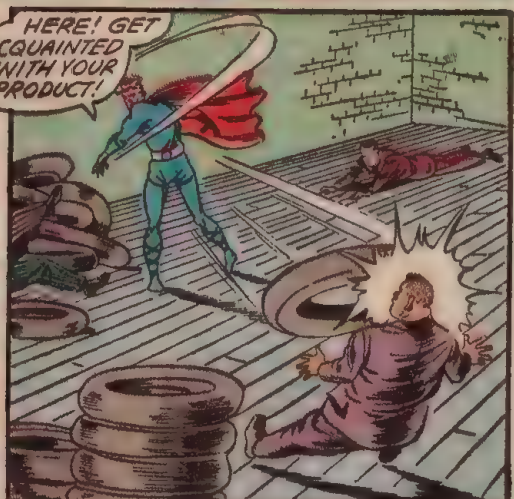
HOLY COW! THE ANGEL!

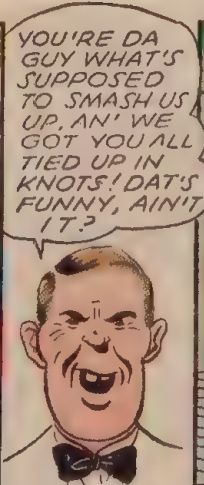


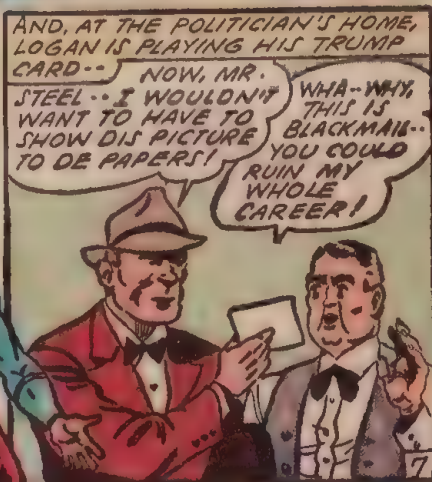
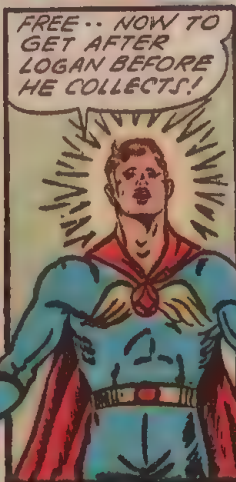
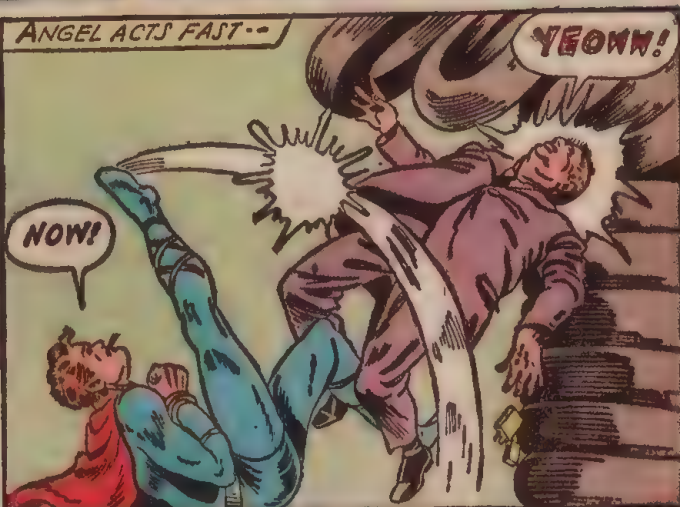
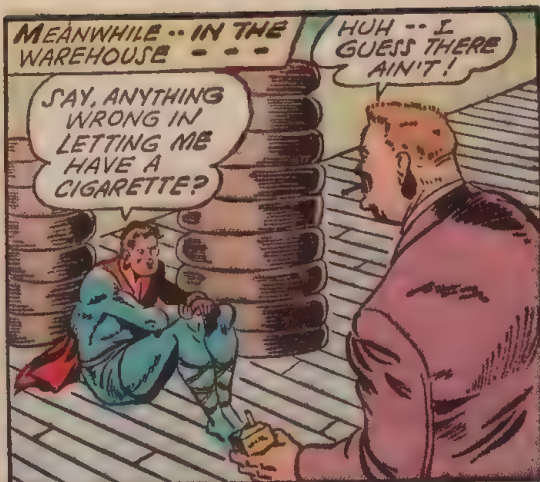
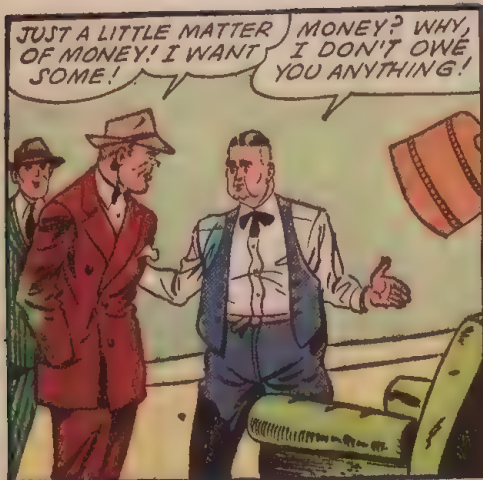


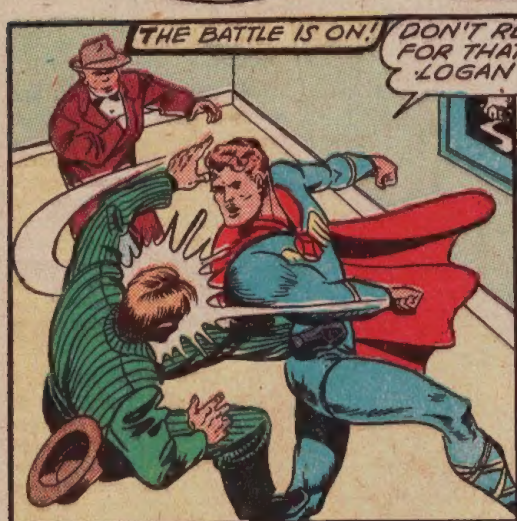
THAT'S WHAT YOU THINK!

LOGAN FIRES --- CLOSE -- BUT NOT CLOSE ENOUGH!









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Name

Address

City State

Color of Hair

Color of Eyes

MEN! Sensational New NECKTIE GLOWS in the Dark!

By Day
A Wonderful
Necktie . . .



By Night
the most unique
effect you have
ever seen . . .



**Creates a Sensation
Wherever You Go . . .**

It seems almost unbelievable, the magic beauty of an amazing new kind of stylish, wrinkleproof, high-class necktie that actually glows in the dark! Glows with a strange luminous pattern of the patriot's universal fighting code. . . . —“V!” It's called the new Victory Necktie, and what a sensation! Both men and women rave about its magnificent beauty, and the startling miracle of its glow in the dark, that makes it the most unusual, strikingly unique tie you've ever seen. Imagine its marvelous effect—its actual protection in blackouts, or dimouts, for its light can be seen at a distance. And now, through this astounding but limited introductory offer, you, too, can secure some of these ties to wear yourself or give as treasured gifts.



YOU MUST SEE THIS MIRACLE YOURSELF!
Send No Money . . Mail Coupon . . Test at Our Risk

Make no mistake, this new Victory Necktie must not be confused with any ordinary novelty tie, for by day you'll be vastly proud of its fine material, its smartness—a high-class, distinctive tie in every way. Wrinkleproof! Ties up perfectly! It's a rich dark blue, and in a splendor of red and white, is the Victory Code that glows in the dark. You would expect this wonderful tie to be very expensive, but it won't cost you \$5.00 nor even \$2.00, for under this special limited offer, it is yours for only 98c. Nor is that all. You send no money. You merely pay postman 98c plus postage. Then examine. See how beautiful. And if you're not eager to wear it, if you are not fully satisfied in every way, all you need to do is return it under the manufacturer's positive assurance of money refunded. That's fair, isn't it? Don't wait. Send for your Victory Necktie that glows in the dark NOW.

MAIL THIS COUPON!

ONLY 98¢

GLOW IN THE DARK NECKTIE CO.
207 N. Michigan Ave., Dept. 850 Chicago 1, Ill.

Rush me my Victory Necktie that glows in the dark. I will pay postman 98c plus postage with your positive assurance I will be delighted or return tie for full refund.

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